

HOURS AT HOME:

POPULAR MONTHLY,

DEVOTED TO

Religious and Useful Literature.

EDITED BY

J. M. SHERWOOD.

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EMBELLISHMENT—JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

Engraved for HOURS AT HOME.

WALKING: A RAMBLE. PROF. EGBERT C. SMYTH,.....	197
ROBINSON'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND,.....	207
Physical Geography of the Holy Land. By Edward Robinson, D.D., Author of Researches in Palestine. London: John Murray. Boston: (American Edition) Crocker & Brewster. 1865.	
ELEANOR. E. L. S.,.....	210
PARTED,.....	213
THE ROMANCE OF THE MALLEE SCRUB,.....	214
"THE TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS." META LANDER,..	219
REASONS WHY THE INFIRMITIES AND SINS OF GOOD MEN ARE RECORDED IN THE SCRIPTURES. W. B. SPRAGUE, D.D.,...	223
ST. JOHN. BY A YOUNG LADY OF NEW-YORK,...	229
THE AMERICAN SABBATH AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D.,.....	231
A PICTURE AND A SERMON. SHAW MUMFORD, Esq.,.....	234
A NATION ON ITS KNEES. E. H. GILLETT, D.D.,.....	238
WHITE BLOSSOMS. MARY E. ATKINSON,.....	234
ABJURATION OF AMERICA. HORACE BUSHNELL, D.D.,.....	244
TRUE AND FALSE IMPERIALISM. E. S. PORTER, D.D.,...	246
HONOLULU. MARY E. ANDERSON,.....	248
THE WAR OF THE KING OF CLOUD-LAND. THE AUTHOR OF "FRED AND MARIA AND ME,".....	252
GUIZOT'S MEDITATIONS. PROF. HENRY B. SMITH,.....	256
Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the Day. By M. GUIZOT. Translated from the French. New-York: Scribner & Co. 1865.	
DROWNED,.....	259
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT. J. P. THOMPSON, D.D.,.....	260
BRITISH SYMPATHY IN OUR AFFLICTION,.....	264
FLOWERS. CHAPTER I. M. E. B.,.....	266
A RUN THROUGH CANADA.....	271
THE ROMANCE OF TRUTH. A TALE OF THE REFORMATION,.....	276
THE OVERLAND ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC SLOPE. HENRY KENDALL, D.D.,	283

In the next number we shall begin a serial which we are sure will deeply interest our readers, entitled "GEOFFREY, THE LOLLARD."

BUSINESS NOTICE.


We invite attention to a few of the notices which the first two numbers have elicited from the press. Will not the friends of a pure and healthful literature aid us in extending the circulation of HOURS AT HOME? One of the most effectual ways to help us is to act as an agent in your immediate vicinity, or induce some one else to do so.

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JOSEPH INTERPRETING PHARAOH'S DREAM.

Engraved for "Hours at Home," from the Master-work of Schmitt.

HOURS AT HOME;

A POPULAR

MAGAZINE OF RELIGIOUS AND USEFUL LITERATURE.

VOL. I.

JULY, 1865.

No. 3.

WALKING. A RAMBLE.

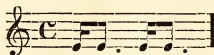
IN one of the Optimist's genial papers, the Expressiveness and Pleasures of Walking are descanted upon in a manner grateful to all lovers of pedestrianism. Thanking the author for the way and the springs he has marked, and for the pleasant outlooks he has opened, we venture to invite the readers of HOURS AT HOME to join in a stroll along the same rambling path. That which is familiar may be for this very reason the most overlooked, and therefore the most deserving of being brought to notice. And in a world where not a sparrow falls unnoticed, there may be fewer things than we imagine that are not worth thinking of.

What is Walking? Referring to Webster's Dictionary, we read: "To move slowly on the feet." Prince of Definers though he be, the learned Doctor certainly nods a little here. What if a man in walking increase his speed? One person moves on his feet at the rate of two miles an hour, another six. Does not the latter walk? If walking is to move slowly, what is a fast walk? The good Doctor, however, lived mostly among students, and it is not perhaps to be wondered at that the only idea of walking he had was that of *moving slowly*.

But he continues: "Walking in men

differs from running only in the rapidity and length of the steps." How much one must lengthen his step to change his walk into a run, or how much more rapid it must be, we are not told. What is the standard? Is it the gait of the individual, or the average gait? If we watch our steps, we shall find that we walk at one time faster than at another we run. If we compare them with those of others, it may not be to our credit if we do not occasionally walk faster than they run; and obviously a walking step may be longer and quicker than a running. Nor is the difference between walking and running to be found in the greater inclination of the body in running; nor in the superior dignity of walking. The distinction is this: In walking, one foot always touches the ground, floor, or whatever we stand upon. In running, at each step we spring, give ourselves a toss into mid-air—bound away from this dim spot which men call earth. The pedestrian, no matter how rapid his motion or long his step, never loses his connection with terra firma. He always has one foot on the ground. On the other hand, nobody ever ran a step without having been, at some moment during that step, off his feet.

The steps keep time with the beating of the heart and pulse. The action of the heart, and that of the organs of locomotion, when a man walks naturally, are in unison. Hence, a fast or a slow walk is one out of tune with the pulsations of the inward regulator. The ordinary, regular movement corresponds with what is termed in music ordinary time. Indeed, it has been represented by the following measure:



"the heel coming to the ground upon the semiquaver, and the toe upon the dotted quaver."*

The steps are not only thus regular in time, but they are rhythmical. Each alternate step is accented. We have most distinctly marked this in listening late on some clear frosty night to the footfalls on the sidewalk:

Silence, silence, everywhere
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning
For a moment woke the echoes.

It was an iambic step in common time, and the word foot (*πατέω*) seemed then naturally appropriated to denote a rhythmical measure.

When, however, the music of the motion becomes its principal end, we have not walking, but dancing. The one is masculine, practical, always instrumental to some outward end. The other is feminine, addresses itself solely to our æsthetic sense, like all other fine art has no end beyond itself, and, simply as dancing, has no morality or utility. The difference between them is that between speaking and singing, between eloquence and philosophy or fine art, between prose and poetry.

Who has not read and admired Milton's invocation of Contemplation, personified as the pensive nun?

"With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies."

"With musing gait." To distinguish walking from running, indeed, to define it at all, it has been shown that we must analyze the movement of the organs of locomotion. But this is not enough. This epithet of the poet suggests other characteristics, which distinguish the motion of a human being from all other motion. Our words mien, port, suggest the same. We pass from mere motion to motion considered as caused and controlled by mind.

Here we find a prominent mark of all fine walking — *self-possession*. To this should be added ease and harmony of movement. It seems to be a well-established fact, that no motion which is the effect of apparent force is beautiful or sublime. We often pronounce beautiful the unconstrained movement of a fleet horse; never, in itself, that of the vehicle which he draws. There is something sublime in the majesty and quiet power of a locomotive, in the ease with which it performs its task, and in the free, unobstructed working of the machinery. Are the same emotions awakened when we see a car, or even the same engine, *pushed* along the rails? Who ever felt that there was any thing beautiful or grand in the progress of a ferry-boat, puffing and wheezing across the stream? But let an engine of no greater power be so constructed as to play noiselessly, and without display of motive power, and the effect upon the beholder is altogether different. So is it in walking; whenever beautiful, the power which produces the motion is concealed. There is no visible effort, no apparent exertion, no straining, nothing like a dead lift. The movement is free and easy, as the waving of branches, the wreathing of vapor, the gliding of birds through the yielding air, or of ships over the swelling waves.

In order that there may be this absence of constraint, this facile play of all the organs, erectness of attitude is indispensable. One who stoops in his gait can hardly have a free, bold, elastic step. We instinctively associate uprightness with ease and freedom. The Lady of the Lake, we are sure, would lose her

* Gardiner's Music of Nature, p. 174.

"airy tread," Sabrina her "printless feet," the fair Indian bride her "rustling footsteps," the moment they ceased to move erect.

The gait of an erect person not only seems, but is, the most easy. One walks with the least effort when most upright. Every one is familiar with the pains taken in drilling soldiers to march uprightly. The play of the lungs, every vital action, when this attitude is assumed, is unconstrained and vigorous. The line of support, moreover, being perpendicular from the base of the spine to the top, scarcely any effort is expended in maintaining the attitude, and there is more muscular strength for other service.

It was a capital direction given by a West-Point officer: Never bend the knee more than is necessary fairly to clear the foot. Stiffen the knee. Instinctively the head will go up and back, the spine straighten, the arms swing free, every organ take its natural position, and the whole movement can hardly be otherwise than with ease and consequent grace. Every visitor to our Southern cities must have been struck with the gait of the servants who have been trained to carry burdens on the top of the head. They step off so unconcernedly, with a tread so light and easy, so bold and free, not seldom majestic. They acquire the habit, in their peculiar service, of carrying the head erect and the back straight. The author of *Seven Years in Spain*, as quoted by a recent medical writer, gives the same reason for the graceful attitude and gait of the Spanish women. "It is remarkable," he observes, "that the female peasantry in Spain have a more graceful and comely style of walking than the ladies, which I have repeatedly heard accounted for by the burdens that they carry on their heads requiring a certain degree of steadiness to balance."

The provision for such firmness and ease of movement, as demonstrated by anatomists in the structure of the foot and the natural positions of the trunk and limbs, affords an impressive argument in proof of a designing Creator. How admirably fitted is the foot to give

a solid basis for support! Its articulation at right angles with the leg, its great relative breadth, the predominance of its solid parts, the tarsus and metatarsus over the movable part, admirably conduce to this end. Especially worthy of note are its arches. In his highly ingenious treatise upon *Animal Mechanics*, Sir Charles Bell affirms that the foundation of the Eddystone lighthouse, the perfection of architectural firmness and stability, is not laid on a better principle than that manifested in forming and adjusting the bones of the human foot. In standing, we rest, he remarks, "upon an elastic arch, the hinder extremity of which is the heel, and the anterior the balls of the toes." Let this arch be impaired, and the step loses at once its lightness and its firmness. Retired dancers and old *figurantes*, who have trained themselves to stand, for many minutes at a time, on the extremities of the toes, and have often repeated these unnatural exercises, are said to make their feet unfit for walking. The heel is with difficulty brought to the ground. The foot is converted into a paw.

Beside this perfect longitudinal arch from the heel to the toe, there is an arch from side to side—"a perfect arch of wedges, regularly formed like the stones of an arch in masonry." These arches and ligaments give strength and firmness. Pliability and flexibility, the facile promptitude with which the foot adjusts itself to the inequalities of the surface beneath its pressure, result chiefly from the multiplication of its joints.* We have in the whole foot thirty-six bones. These are jointed together, and each articulating surface is covered with cartilage. So many joints playing so easily secure great elasticity of motion. There is also another admirable provision contributing to the same effect. The key-stone of the main arch, instead of being fixed, as in masonry, "plays between two bones, sinking or rising as the weight of the body bears upon it or is taken off."

In the junction, moreover, of the foot

* Paxton.

to the bones of the leg at the ankle-joint, we find the same requisites of stability and mobility supplied with equal skill. "The two bones of the leg," says Sir Charles, "receive the great articulating bone of the foot betwixt them. And the extremities of these bones of the leg form the outer and inner ankle. Now, when we step forward, and whilst the foot is raised, it rolls easily upon the ends of these bones, so that the toe may be directed according to the inequalities of the ground we are to tread upon; but when the foot is planted, and the body is carried forward perpendicularly over the foot, the joint of the leg and foot becomes fixed, and we have a steady base to rest upon. So that, notwithstanding the mobility of the foot in some positions, when the weight of the body bears directly over it, it becomes immovable, and the bones of the leg must be fractured before the foot yields. We next observe that in walking, the heel first touches the ground. If the bones of the leg were perpendicular over the part which first touches the ground, we should come down with a sudden jolt, instead of which we descend in a semicircle, the center of which is the point of the heel. And when the toes have come to the ground, we are far from losing the structure of the foot, since we stand upon an elastic arch."

The form and structure of the foot evince that man physically, as well as morally, was designed to walk upright. Homer and Virgil make their favorite deities fine walkers. The step of Juno is the received synonym for a queenlike tread. Venus betrays her divinity by her walk. In every step all the goddess appears. The motherly heart of Latona, says Homer, swells with joy and pride as she beholds Artemis on the mountain ranges, the lofty Taygetus and Erymanthus, leading her jubilant bands, her head erect and high above them all. And Virgil echoes her praises:

"Gradiensque deas supereminet omnes."

In her gait she surpasses all the goddesses.

It was a fitting punishment for the proud-est of kings that he should lose the seal

of manhood and be degraded to perambulating like the beasts.

Ulysses, fertile in expedients, never hit upon a more successful device than when, desiring to ingratiate himself with the Phæacian princess and court, he paced back and forth on the sea-shore in the presence of Nausicaa and her fair-haired maidens. Elate with hope, his form dilated to more than its ordinary amplitude. His purple locks fell thickly on his broad shoulders. His countenance beamed with intelligence—every motion was instinct with majesty. He walked, says Homer, in beauty and grace resplendent.

But let the brave and frank Nausicaa, herself worthily likened in form and bearing to Diana, speak the impression he made:

"Hear me, white-armed maidens,
Not against the will of *all* the gods, inhab-
iting Olympus,
Comes this man among the godlike Phæa-
cians.

Before in truth I thought him unseemly;
But *now* he seems like the gods. . . .
Would that such an one might be called my
husband,

Here abiding, and may it please him to re-
main!"

The patriarch Isaac knew what was due to his manhood, and what power there is in attitude, when, on the evening the daughter of Bethuel arrived, he walked forth to meditate. First impressions he knew were not to be despised. A man mounted on a camel fascinate the fair Rebekah! Observe, too, Rebekah's conduct at this trying conjuncture: "And Rebekah lifted up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac she *lighted off her camel*. For she had said unto the servant, What man is this which *walketh* in the field to meet us? And the servant had said, It is my master." Forewarned, forearmed. It were not meet to greet her future lord unvailed. Yet her self-reliant, buoyant step, her graceful carriage and flowing robe, doubtless compensated for the sacrifice. After such a meeting, we need hardly be told that "Isaac loved her, and she became his wife."

The source of the *peculiar* impressive-

ness of walking lies in our consciousness that the body is the abode and instrument of a rational spirit. The more we perceive the presence and presidency of mind in its movements, the more are we made sensible of their dignity. And if the motion be irrational, fantastic, or even if it seem to be inconsistent with calm, undiverted thought, it, so far forth, loses its power of dignified impression. Hence a hasty pace was deemed unbecoming a Roman freeman. The imperial dignity could hardly comport with a run.

"Liberos homines per urbem modico magis
par est gradu
Ire; servuli esse dico festinantem currere."

Currentes, or Runners, is generally with the Roman writers the peculiar epithet of slaves.

We once visited a community in which the ordinary style of locomotion, on the part of a large proportion of its youthful members, seemed the counterpart of that usually deemed peculiar to the canine species. Democritus would have been justified in his vocation there. Contrast with this the grave, thoughtful, musing gait of a Wallenstein:

" . . . his dreams were of great objects.

He walked amidst us of a silent spirit
Communing with himself."

This impressiveness of walking implies its expressive power. The gait often reveals the thoughts, the emotions, the habits of the mind. Shame shows itself in the sidelong, retrospective approach. We see sorrow in the bending form and lifeless footfall; hilarity and mirth in the light, elastic spring. Anger stamps. Its step is hurried, ictic. Affectation has a mincing pace. Duplicity dodges and skulks. Honesty moves right onward; pride as though it scorned the earth it treads upon. The step is "regular in the formal, quick in the ardent, bold in the resolute, hesitating in the timid, buoyant in the gay," stumbling in the boorish, wriggling in the nervous, whiffing in the volatile, dragging in the sluggish, slow in the sedate, lingering in the sad, tottering

in the feeble, firm in the strong, brisk in the joyful, high in the aspiring.*

An acute observer once detected the respective employments and professions of his stage-coach companions by watching narrowly the manner in which they were unconsciously in the habit of moving their limbs. The tradesman gave signs of folding cloth, and measuring tape, and taking down bundles. The ponderous arm and heavy fall of his hand betrayed the blacksmith; and the quick, nervous grasp with which she adjusted her dress gave unmistakable signs of a factory operative. Travelers who visit the field of Waterloo are accustomed to enter their names in a register. This book has been kept for many years by the same person, and with wonderful accuracy he is able to designate the visitor's nation simply by inspecting the handwriting. Much more easily can the profession, or nation, be detected by means of the gait. The grave Spaniard, the phlegmatic Dutchman, the vivacious and sanguine Frenchman, the reserved and formal Briton, the inquisitive, impetuous, self-confident American, each betrays the national trait in his style of walking. The sailor rolls when on shore as if our trim planet sailed unsteadily. The soldier marches even when no longer under orders. The sycophant bends the knee as if every man he meets were a prince. The lawyer steps boldly and patronizingly. The clergyman abstractedly, as if the street were his study, or cautiously, as if mindful of the gins and pitfalls spread for the feet of the unwary. The waiting-clerk is known by his bows and his graceful effrontery. We distinguish a coxcomb by the careful manner in which he drops his foot, and picks his way along the street; a watchman, by

* *Aga*. Is not yon Diomed with Calchas' daughter?

Ulysses. 'Tis he. I ken the manner of his gait.

*He rises on the toe: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.*

Tro. and Cress.

his heavy, measured tramp. Students saunter, school-girls trip, school-boys dally and loiter, children patter, doctors hurry, hunters stride, teamsters trudge, gossips gad, market-women bustle, boatmen shuffle, ghosts stalk, aldermen strut.

But the whole expressiveness of walking is not seen unless we take into view the figurative use which poets and moralists have made of it. It is one of the most common and effective metaphors in English literature. The variety of its forms, the facility with which it is appropriately and felicitously applied to subjects of every degree of dignity, the vivacity, force, and beauty which it often imparts, are well worthy of study.

All will remember Cowper's lines to Evening :

"Methinks I see thee in the streaky West,
With matron step slow moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train."

With different yet not altogether unlike imagery, had the Lady in Comus described its approach. Referring to her brothers, she says :

"They left me then, when the gray-hooded even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' train."

And the figure is thus finely employed by Longfellow in describing its departure :

". . . the cowed and dusky sandaled eve,
In mourning weeds, from out the western gate
Departs with silent pace."

The Queen of Denmark thus vividly pictures to Laertes the rapid succession of his misfortunes :

"One woe doth tread upon another's heel
So fast they follow."

"Fleet-footed," says Manrique,

"Fleet-footed is the approach of woe;
But with a lingering step and slow
Its form departs."

Addison, in the Vision of Mirza, has pictured life as a bridge full of pitfalls, over which all are passing. And Mac-

beth, in the bitterness of his thoughts, exclaims :

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more."

"Surely," is the language of the Psalmist, "surely, every man walketh in a vain show."

How intensely vivid is the picture Octavian holds up to his son of the Duke of Friedland's treachery and peril :

"With light tread stole he on his evil way,
With light tread Vengeance stole on after him.
Unseen she stands already, dark behind him ;
But one step more—he shudders in her grasp !"

The arrangement and movement are perfect ; the painting of the treachery in the first line, in the next the justice retributive even in form ; then the infatuation and blindness of guilt—the gloomy sternness of Vengeance—the "but one step more"—we shudder ourselves !

Dii laneos habent pedes. The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool. And to the same effect is the Greek proverb, God comes with leaden feet, but strikes with iron hands.

How full of a delicate poetic fancy are these lines from Shelley's Song of the Cloud :

"That orbéd maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's
thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer."

In the sublime representations of Hebrew poetry, the azure firmament above is the floor of the Almighty's pavilion. Jehovah walks upon the waters. The clouds are the dust of his feet.

Most frequent in the Scriptures is the representation of a course of life as a walk. The believer's life is a walk in light, a high and holy walk with God.

The pleasure which we derive from

walking is of every gradation. There is a pleasure resulting from mere muscular activity. This is greatly heightened when obstacles are overcome, and we are conscious of exercising physical power. Hence, often, the pleasure we take in a walk during a dark and stormy night, through mud or snow. Every time you put your leg down, says Leigh Hunt, *you feel a respect for it*. You may, perhaps, have been reminded of this source of pleasure under circumstances like these: The long winter evening has begun. A rocking-chair has received you with open arms. Before you glows a bright, rosy fire. The lamp is gently shining over the shoulder nearest the table, and invites to the reading of some long-wished-for book, which is to be yours for this night only. Your cup of happiness is full, when suddenly you remember some engagement at the other end of town. Go you must, in spite of the rollicking wind, the eager and nipping air. You naturally feel gloomy and sad. Your spirits are running a race with the mercury, and that is below zero. Your progression is slow and hesitating. Soon you become conscious that your dimensions are contracting. The end of a finger, the tip of an ear, the point of the chin, the extremity of the nose, are to you as though they were not. Your pride is touched. You determine to resist the invasion, and start off at a brisk and stirring pace. Now for a contest with the cold, a battle with the king of winter! Your blood begins to spin. Physical excitement carries off sullenness. Your thoughts take a new turn. The whirl of the blood, and the energy and life of the mental endeavor act well together. You reclaim your lost territory, and exulting in your power, move forward in "robust hilarity" and triumph. Disappointment, discomfort, are all forgotten in the pleasure resulting from this exercise of physical power.

Walks, too, are often a source of pleasure, on account of their serving to break up an unpleasant mood of mind.

Frankenstein, the hero of Mrs. Shelley's wild and terrible romance, in the recoil

of horror and disgust, at the sight of the lifeless body he had for years been seeking to animate, as it opened its dull yellow eye, and moved its limbs convulsively, rushes from his room and for hours traverses with hurried and irregular steps the chamber, the court-yard, the streets of Ingolstadt, that thus he may ease the load which weighs upon his mind.

"'Twill do me good to walk," says Othello, as he would fain calm himself for the awful deed justice and honor seem to him to require; and hear Benvolio: "A *troubled mind* drove me to walk abroad;" and Prospero:

"Sir I am vexed,

Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled,

Be not disturbed with my infirmity;

If you be pleased, retire into my cell,

And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind."

But often walks are undertaken in order to indulge in a mood. Lovers' walks are proverbial. We first hear of Romeo as early walking. Giovanni, certainly a fair representative, mentions as one of his highest delights,

"To walk,

"In solitary groves and choice gardens."

We are confident that Victorian is smitten with the tender passion, when we hear poor drowsy Chispa—how like his experience to Speed's—invoking a "plague on his master for rambling about at nights, drinking the elements instead of sleeping quietly in his bed;" and again, at dinner-time, choosing "to walk up and down in the open air, looking into the sky, like one who hears it rain, as though that satisfied hunger." The evidence is complete when we see him through the trees, "walking as in a dream," and addressing his absent Preciosa:

"Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground.
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking

Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked

At evening."

The cheerful man and the melancholy,

each are represented by Milton as desiring to walk, though, with characteristic difference, the latter chooses to "*walk unseen*," while the former prefers

"Walking *not unseen*

By hedge-row elms and hillocks green,"

for cheerfulness is sympathizing and communicative, while melancholy feeds upon itself, and is familiar only with solitude and its own gloomy castles.

To most persons it may be presumed one of the most obvious recommendations of our theme will be the physical benefits—the pleasure and vigor of a higher tone of health and life which it occasions. Walking is one of the cheapest of all modes of exercise, and one of the best. It may be a privilege, especially for the infirm and invalid, to be able to command a carriage; yet the pale faces which often peer through the plated and closed glass windows upon the pedestrians who are trudging along the sidewalk may well make them contented with their lot. We can even join in the lamentations with which the most manly Englishmen in the days of good Queen Bess deplored the first introduction of coaches.

I wonder in my heart, says one of these, why our nobility can not in fair weather walk the streets as they were wont; as I have seen the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, Sussex, Cumberland, and Essex; besides those inimitable presidents of courage and valor, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Philip Sidney, Sir Martin Frobisher, with a number of others, when a coach was almost as rare as an elephant. And another writer vents his indignation by saying that the first coach was made by the Devil in China, and came over here in a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

But for walking we may claim virtues not a whit behind those claimed in the old family receipt-book, which, perhaps, has come down to us from some Puritan mother, for her favorite herbs and electuaries—a specific of exceeding virtue in all swooning of the head and weakness of the heart, decaying of the spirits, and coming of cold—good in strengthening and comforting all animal, vital, and natu-

ral spirits, cheering the external senses, restoring lost appetite, and exceeding good for weakness of the stomach.

Yet with an elixir of life so free and potent, it is painful to see how many, especially of those whose duties are much within doors, or who are addicted to sedentary pursuits, are wasting for want of it.

A celebrated instructor of theological students once said that he could place no dependence on a minister's health until he had broken down twice. After this he had some confidence that whatever vitality was left would be cared for.

Our men of letters have much less physical strength than their English brethren. Good health is not one of the things which is taken into account on examination-day, or for which a College or Seminary diploma is given. We remember having heard of a sermon which was published with this singular caption: "Death a Duty." We have known students and literary men, and some too of the gentler sex, whose habits of life seemed to be the practical application of such a text. Intelligent foreigners visiting our higher female seminaries, usually make their first comment upon the delicate beauty of the pupils, and while their faces light up with something of admiration at the intelligence and brilliancy of the scene, there is also usually an expressive shrug of the shoulders, which intimates a very serious doubt of the wisdom of those teachers and processes of education which stimulate the beautiful plant until it bursts its delicate vase.

When the superior robustness and vigor of the women of England is spoken of, it is often accounted for by the superior uniformity of the English climate. What can be expected when a gentle wind from the south and a sunny sky bring every body out of doors to-day to breathe an Indian summer air, and before it is hardly inhaled, the wind is out east, north-east, fresh from the icebergs, or the snowy mountains, and every breath of air gives a chill? Yet after all that may be said, the difference between the health of our people and their English

cousins, is not to be accounted for by the difference of climate. English students and women owe their acknowledged advantage in point of health, not so much to the uniformity of their climate as to this, that they are uniformly in it. We knew an English family who took up their residence on the banks of one of our noble rivers. They brought with them their English love of pure air. The mother and her daughters, in summer and in winter, in foul weather and in fair, in silks and invisible bonnets, or in shades which served as a defence from sunlight or from rain, and in rubber cloaks, daily sallied forth and drank in from the air, pure as God made it, the elements of strength, and beauty, and bloom. We have every reason to be grateful for our climate. It compels hardness. We have hill-side and sea-side, mountain and lake, the loveliest scenery and the grandest, and, over all, the purest airs. Let these advantages be more improved. Mere walking indeed, even in the open air, may not avail for all. Some need more vigorous exercise besides. Some have not time for aimless strolls. It is better that walking even for air and exercise should have some object. What the English student calls his constitutional—four miles out on the turnpike and four miles back—though vastly more than many of their brethren this side of the water think feasible, may prove poor exercise. A solitary, objectless walk, “moving slowly on the feet,” is apt to be but a continuation of *the* indoor life; or it becomes a sort of melancholy necessity, something to be taken daily for the health, as one would take a pill; or, to one over industrious, it seems about as profitable as shovelling over a heap of sand or digging a hole and then filling it up. In truth, it requires some thought to know how to walk to the best advantage even for exercise and recreation. A true thorough-paced pedestrian, says Kingsley, needs to have qualities as many as were required by old chivalrous writers for the perfect knight-errant of the middle ages. Well is it for him if he is strong in body, able to walk all day, uncertain where he

shall eat or rest. In his moral character, he must be open and sincere, gentle and courteous, ready and able to ingratiate himself with the poor, the ignorant, and the rude; brave and enterprising, and withal patient and undaunted; and above all, gifted with the art of seeing and making the most of every thing. Such an one will not walk without an object. He will come like a sunbeam into the chill abode of poverty. He will mark, like the wisest of kings, the varied growth of the forest, the cedar, and the creeping vine. He will study the records of the changes which creative Wisdom has wrought in the structure of the earth he treads upon. Like Hugh Miller, he will sally forth with hammer and chisel, and trace the foot-prints of the Creator in the rocks. Like a young friend we have in mind, he will climb every hill, and explore every creek, and examine the sides of every stream and ravine in the vicinity of his home, until he has gathered, with an indefinite amount of robust health, and pure pleasure, ample materials to construct a geological map of his native town; nor will he think his time wasted if he has only seen some new glory in the western sky, or in the “crimsoning processes” of the morning. Or like Goethe, writing in early manhood ~~Wanderr~~ as his favorite name, and in later years exclaiming: “Was ich nicht erlernt habe, das habe ich erwandert!” (What I have not learned in the schools, I have learned in wandering;) or like Wordsworth, the titles of whose poems, beginning with an Evening Walk and ending with Yarrow Revisited, suggest at once his love of loitering excursions among the hills, in the forest, by tarn and mountain stream, and to lowly cottages and shepherds’ huts, he will form habits of reflection, and contemplation, and self-reliance, and gain a knowledge of nature and men that can not be won from books, nor amid the artificial distinctions of society. Or like Tholuck, and many a teacher of youth unknown to fame, yet to be held in everlasting remembrance, he will lead his pupils to fresh woods and pastures new in daily walks or vacation excursions, in which the for-

mality of the class-room is laid aside, pupil and teacher come together each in his own individuality, respect passes over into affection, instruction into communion, and authority into influence select and gentle as that which poets tell us is shed from the skies. They have been the most successful educators of the young, we may remark in passing, who have often walked with their pupils, and in the freedom of access thus acquired, have communicated lessons never forgotten. Thus Socrates made his deep impression on the youth of Athens. Thus Aristotle gained ascendancy over the half-spoiled son of Philip. Thus he instilled his doctrines when he taught in the groves near the Lycian Apollo, lecturing, not sitting nor standing, but walking at morning and evening with his pupils beneath the shade of the venerable o'er-arching plane-trees.* Such, to some extent, as we have already intimated, has been the practice of many teachers in later days, of whom *instar omnium*, may be mentioned Dr. Arnold.† Nor would we forget that He who spake as never man spake, taught his disciples in the fields and on the hill-sides of Galilee and Judea.

* Qui erant cum Aristotele Peripatetici dicti sunt, quia disputabant inambulantes in Lycio.

† Our systems of public education need a larger infusion of personal intercourse between instructor and pupil. One of the most eminent of theological teachers in Germany daily invites one or more of his pupils to walk with him, and often spends in this way from two to four hours. What American student at Halle has not walked with Prof. Tholuck to Nachtigall Insel? There is now publishing at Gotha an elaborate and able Encyclopedia of Education. An article on Pedestrian Journeys (Fuss-reisen) finds its place there as naturally as one on Geography or Discipline. German students—proverbially poor—many of them living on four or five groschen, or ten cents a day, not only go through the University, but over the most interesting portions of Europe. How they swarm in the Summer Ferien on the Rhine and in Switzerland! School excursions also are very frequent.

Here, without question, in the facilities it affords for social intercourse and spiritual communion are to be found the highest utility and the crowning pleasure of walking. There is a remarkable power in walking to break down reserve and to open the mind and heart. As beneath the open sky "we take the heavenly bath, the air, without measure and without stint," we are conscious of new life and liberty. The blood flows more quickly and carries through all the system a fresher and fuller sense of vitality and life from the center to the very edge. The motion of the body imparts activity to the mind. The touch of the foot to the earth awakens the consciousness of independence and self-reliance. Something of the freedom and simplicity, the sincerity and beautiful order of the works of Nature, enters into and purifies all the mental processes. The mind becomes tranquil, reflective, transparent. The sealed fountains of feeling are opened. Every current of thought and emotion flows with increased depth, and clearness, and volume. The checks and restraints of formal intercourse, the petty restrictions and numberless disguises of artificial society, are swept away. Whatever in our strolls suggests routine and drill, whatever wears the guise of dogmatism or charlatanry, or selfish pride, seems peculiarly out of place and odious. In their walks, even the most retiring and reserved become confiding and communicative. Never do we listen with minds more open to impression, to words of counsel and encouragement, than when they fall from the chosen companion of our walks. Never is converse more sweet and unconstrained, never are the hidden, perchance corroding, treasures of the heart more likely to be opened, never is the tale of sorrow or joy, of hope and love, more freely poured into willing ears, than when with devious roving steps one wanders in the open air with some warm-hearted, trusted friend.

How many walks have been consecrated to friendship! How many are cherished because they first developed the worth of some loved and departed spirit.

How many have yielded the richest experiences, the happiest hours, of life—hours of glad communion with some congenial friend; of delighted contemplation of the exhaustless beauty and glory of the external universe; hours when, as to Edwards, walking in the fields near his father's house, there has appeared to be, as it were, "a calm, sweet cast or appearance of divine glory in almost every thing—in the sun, moon, and stars, in the clouds and blue sky, in the grass, flowers, trees, in the water, and all nature;" hours full of thoughts that wander through eternity, of affections gushing from the soul's deepest fountains, of a serene and

unfaltering trust in Him, leaning on whose arm the spirit can pursue to the end its earthly course, and walk through the valley of the shadow of death, and abroad over this vast universe, and fear no evil.

But we fear our ramble is becoming wearisome, and with a parting word we will end it.

A quaint old writer says of a strawberry: Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did. So would we say of walking—will you not join with us, reader, in the sentiment?—Doubtless God never gave us a more calm, healthful, joyous recreation.

ROBINSON'S PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE HOLY LAND.*

THIS book is but a fragment, but it is a fragment which could have been ill spared. Every one who has paid any attention to the history, geography, or archaeology of the Holy Land knows the value of Dr. Robinson's Researches. Even those who most dislike the free inquiry which the American theologian was the first to apply to the question of the sacred sites will admire his courage and honesty and love of truth; and none will dispute his ability, and his thorough devotion to his subject. It appears from the preface to the present volume, which bears the initials of his wife or his daughter, that Dr. Robinson contemplated writing a systematic treatise on the Physical and Historical Geography of the Holy Land, from the time of his first journey to the East. His two series of Researches were the chronicled results of his several journeys, but he hoped to work up his materials over again in the shape of a formal treatise. He never lived to finish his task. What he left behind him—which was,

however, complete so far as it went—was only the first portion of the Physical Geography of Palestine proper. The historical and topographical descriptions of the same district were never written; and the editor decided, perhaps wisely, to withhold from the public whatever sketches or notes pertaining to those portions of the projected work were found among Dr. Robinson's papers. The treatise, however, which is now given to the world will be not only useful, but indispensable to the Biblical student. Curiously different from the popular volume on the same subject by the Dean of Westminster, inasmuch as it makes no pretension to eloquence or sentiment, it is far more valuable as being the work of a more accurate and painstaking observer. But it lacks two most important accessories. The maps which accompanied the author's Later Biblical Researches ought to have been reproduced for this volume; and, above all, a careful verbal index ought to have been provided. As the book is emphatically one of reference, the absence of an index is a fatal defect. We earnestly recommend that the want should be supplied as soon as possible.

The plan of the treatise is very method-

* Physical Geography of the Holy Land. By Edward Robinson, D.D., Author of Researches in Palestine. London: John Murray. 1865.

ical. After a brief introductory description of the Holy Land, the work divides itself into four chapters. The first discusses the general surface features of the country, under the heads of hills, valleys, and plains. The second chapter describes the waters of Palestine; its rivers, its lakes, its fountains, and its artificial cisterns and reservoirs. The third chapter embraces the heads of the climate, the seasons, the temperature, the winds, and general atmospheric conditions of the district; and the concluding chapter describes summarily the geological features. Dr. Robinson brings very vividly before his readers the extremely narrow limits of the Holy Land, properly so called. He calculates its greatest length from north to south as one hundred and thirty-six geographical, or one hundred and fifty-eight English, miles, and its greatest breadth as between eighty-five and ninety English miles. The whole area, therefore, extends to about twelve thousand geographical miles, equal (we are told) "to the area of the two States of Massachusetts and Connecticut together." Speaking broadly, this district is divided, physically, into four long parallel tracts or strips of country, two of them low and two elevated. There is, first, the low, narrow Phœnician plain along the sea-coast; next, the mountains and hill-country between that plain and the Jordan; then the Arabah; or the valley of the Jordan itself; (depressed in great part below the level of the Mediterranean) and, finally, the hill-country east of the Jordan. We can promise the reader a novel pleasure in reading our author's very lucid description of these several districts. It is astonishing how much new and striking interest will be found to be given to many familiar Biblical scenes when the physical geography of the theater on which they were enacted is brought vividly home to the imagination. Conversely, the genuineness and veracity of the Scriptural narrative will be seen to be confirmed by many undesigned particulars when tested by the local circumstances which Dr. Robinson has observed and recorded.

Upon the whole, we consider the chap-

ter which describes the great valley of the Jordan, with its upper and lower lakes, the most interesting one in the book before us. We had marked several passages for quotation, but it is difficult to choose among extracts which are of equal value. Dr. Robinson remarks, under the head of "the Loneliness of the Jordan," that there never has been a city, town, or village of any note situated on the immediate banks of that river below the Lake of Tiberias. Jericho, and all the other known cities, were situated on the higher ground near the mountains bordering the Jordan valley on each side. "In like manner," we read, "it does not appear that a boat ever floated on the waters of the Jordan until the present century. Navigation, of course, was impossible, from the strong current and violent rapids. But even for the passage of the river, boats do not seem to have been in use; the stream was everywhere forded. The English Version once mentions a 'ferry-boat,' (2 Sam. xix. 18) but this was evidently nothing more than a raft 'to carry over the King's household,' and was not used by the King or by his attendants." Toilsome as was the journey across the valley—as, for instance, from Jerusalem to Heshbon, involving a descent of four thousand feet on one side and an equal ascent on the other—it is, after all, the passage of the Jordan itself which is always spoken of as the main point of difficulty. The river, indeed, is so deep that animals must swim, and men wade breast-high. In the First Book of the Maccabees it is mentioned that Judas Maccabæus and his army swam the river, nearly opposite to Jericho, in their flight from Bacchides.

The several descents of the Jordan, by exploring expeditions in boats, during the present century, are succinctly described. Mr. Costigan, an Irish traveler, was the first to accomplish this feat in July, 1835. Having reached the Dead Sea, he launched forth on its waters, accompanied by single servant, a Maltese. They had man aged so badly that their fresh water ran short, and they reached the shore with difficulty, after some days' exposure to

the burning sun. The servant managed to crawl to Jericho, and Mr. Costigan, having at last been brought to Jerusalem, died of fever, leaving no notes or papers behind him. Next, in 1847, Lieutenant Molyneux, of the British Navy, descended the Jordan, from the Lake of Tiberias, in the smallest of the boats belonging to his ship, the *Spartan*. From August twenty-fourth to September fifth, he explored the Red Sea, taking many soundings and observations. "But the anxiety and excessive fatigue to which he had been exposed, in the 'misty oven' (as he calls it) of the Ghôr and Dead Sea, had worn him out; and he died soon after his return to his ship, from the combined effects of climate and over-exertion." In the following year, 1848, a well-equipped expedition from the United States, under the command of Lieutenant Lynch, embarked in two metallic boats from the Lake of Tiberias, accompanied by a land party on camels and horses. The results of this expedition have been published, and are of deep interest. The company suffered greatly from exposure and exhaustion, and Lieutenant Dale, the second in command, died in consequence at Beyrout.

The Dead Sea forms the subject of a separate section. Dr. Robinson declares that the deep position and physical phenomena of this lake render it by far the most remarkable body of water in the world. He shows, not only that it has no outlet to the south, but that it never had any. It keeps its level solely by strong evaporation. It is curious that there is no allusion whatever to it in the New Testament. Its breadth is quite uniform, as it fills the whole valley between two directly parallel ranges of stern, naked, and desolate mountains. This breadth is between nine and ten geographical miles, the total length being forty geographical miles. Lieutenant Lynch's soundings gave one hundred and eighty fathoms, or one thousand and eighty feet, as the average depth of the northern part of the sea; and in one part the plummet reached thirteen hundred and eight feet. There seems to be

no doubt that the level of the lake differs much from year to year. The depression of its surface below the level of the Mediterranean is, curiously enough, almost exactly the same number of feet as the depth of its waters — namely, thirteen hundred and sixteen. Dr. Robinson declares that this extraordinary depression was never even suspected by travelers until the year 1837. After describing the results of various analyses of the waters of the Dead Sea, showing its extreme saltiness, Dr. Robinson continues:

"The effect of the great specific gravity is seen in the usual placidity of the sea, and the weight and force of the waves during high winds. The ordinary breezes of summer occasion scarcely a ripple on the surface, while high winds and tempests excite angry and ponderous billows. When the boats of Lynch entered the Dead Sea from the Jordan, a fresh north-east wind was blowing, which increased to a gale. This raised a heavy sea, in which the boats labored exceedingly; and the dense waves dashed upon the bows of the boats like sledge-hammers. The spray was painful to the eyes and skin; and, evaporating as it fell, left a crust of salt upon the faces, hands, and clothing. All at once the wind ceased, and the sea fell with equal rapidity; in twenty minutes the heavy waters had settled down into a placid surface."

The discussion of the catastrophe of Sodom and the Cities of the Plain is one of unusual interest and importance. The old and very plausible notion was, that the Jordan originally flowed through a continuous valley into the Red Sea at Akabah. But the discovery of the enormous depression, not only of the Dead Sea itself, but of the whole of the Jordan valley, and the still more important observation (for the depression might have been caused by volcanic action or earthquake) that the watercourses of the desert mountains near Akabah all run northward toward the Dead Sea, and not southward toward the Red Sea, seem to show conclusively that this configuration is not due to any local circumstances, but is coëval with the present condition of the earth's surface. Dr. Robinson's con-

clusion is, that the southern part of the existing Dead Sea (which is on the average twelve or thirteen feet deep, and near its margin so shallow that Lynch's boats, drawing only six inches, could not get nearer than half a mile from the shore) covers the doomed cities. There are existing proofs of the ancient exuberant fertility of this well-watered district, and the bitumen which is occasionally found floating on the surface of the waters seems to come from this part of the lake. It is not necessary to pursue the subject further. We have given quite enough specimens of the valuable matter contained

in this posthumous volume. While we deeply regret the death of the accomplished author, we may congratulate ourselves on the possession of an invaluable manual of the physical geography of that part of the Holy Land which is most important for the understanding of the Old Testament, and which is profoundly sacred to every Christian man as the theater of our Saviour's life and death. Into the disputed questions of the sacred sites of Palestine in general, and of Jerusalem in particular, the present volume does not enter.

E L E A N O R.

As we sat together this evening, Ned, Nelly, and I, Nelly suddenly asked me: "Why did you name me Eleanor, mother? You once promised to tell me."

"I have often wondered that you did not give Nelly your own name," said Ned. "I think that Mary is the sweetest of all names."

"I will tell you. Eleanor was the name of my only cousin, who lived with us after her mother's death. She died a few months before you were born, my darling, and I asked your father that her name might be given to you."

"Do tell us more about her. Was she beautiful?"

"I will show you," I replied. I went to my room, and unlocked a drawer, which had not been opened for many years. I took from it a miniature, and went back to my children. "There, you may see for yourselves," I said, as I handed it, unopened, to Nelly.

"How lovely!" she exclaimed, after a long and earnest gaze.

"Beautiful!" said Ned, in a tone which startled me, it was so like his father's; and he looked, too, more like him than ever, as he bent in admiration over the lovely face. "It is very beautiful. But, mother," he added, as he looked up to me, "I fear it

costs you too much to show it to us;" and he closed it, and gave it back to me.

"Costs you too much?" What did he mean? Could he have a suspicion of what it cost me?

I did not mean to look at it, but I did, and that one glance has undone the work of years. And is it no more past than this? I have hoped, I still hope, that before I die, God may give me grace to look upon it calmly.

Now let me go over it all again, as I have done so many, many times. Let me go back to the old days when we were young and happy; when no shadow came between me and the love of my youth, my first and only love.

We grew up together, and from early youth I had promised to be his wife. It seemed a matter of course to ourselves and to all around us, for our two families were somewhat separated from our neighbors. His father was the clergyman and mine the lawyer, and they, together with the old bachelor physician, were the only educated men in our village. I was two years older than he; I knew that I had no beauty nor grace; I was reserved, and unused to society; I loved my books, and was near-sighted, and stooped over them; I had no accomplishments, and cared

nothing for dress or ornaments, only for him, and for the pursuits which would fit me for his companionship. When he went to college I kept pace with him in his studies, looking forward to one vacation after another, with the longing of an engrossing love. I never had a doubt that I possessed his whole heart as fully and freely as I gave him mine.

I had other suitors. My father's position gave me claims to attention, and the fortune he left me perhaps lent me attractions in some eyes, but never for a moment did my heart waver in its loyalty. I gloried in his personal graces, his varied culture, his high standing in college, little dreaming what dangerous rivals they might be. He was quiet and undemonstrative, but our love was so settled and inherent a thing, that it did not need the ardent assurances of a new-felt passion.

After graduating with the valedictorian's honors, the admired hero of commencement-day, he studied law and established himself in New-York, where he soon gained a good position, and we were married.

I can not trust myself to dwell upon what he was to me in those days of joy. My life was idolatry; I see it now, and I see how much selfishness was in that happiness which consisted in being the idol of my idol. I sought to see only my own image in a soul which was made for all the great things of earth and heaven.

Gradually his professional pursuits and his companions became more engrossing. He was less at home, and I became less necessary to him. The world without flattered and attracted him, and our interests were no longer the same. Then, by and by, our money went, (I had resolutely refused to have my fortune settled on myself) not through his fault exactly, only his carelessness. That was a trifle. I felt a pride in showing him how little I valued it, how gladly I would share any lot with him. He was at first greatly depressed on my account, but I felt in my heart a secret triumph and a longing hope that this unintentional injury would draw

him nearer to me. And I believe it did.

But the loss of money brought burdens and labors that were new to me, and perhaps too much; for health failed, and with health I lost the cheerful, hopeful spirit which could smile at circumstances, and I must not blame him that he sought more congenial society.

Then we removed to this place, and here my boy was born, my noble, beautiful boy, so dear and precious, that I rejoiced in the necessity laid upon me of taking the sole charge of his sweet babyhood.

About a year after his birth, my only aunt died, and Eleanor was left alone. I had not seen her for several years, since we were at school together. My first thought and earnest wish was to have her come to us. My husband objected, because he said my cares were already great, but he at last consented, and I sent her an urgent request to come and spend a year with us. Do I regret it? No; I believe in my inmost heart that I have never regretted it.

She came in all the beauty of youth, in all the sacredness of sorrow, in all the loveliness of fresh and pure affections. Who could see her and not admire her? Who could be with her day after day and not become captive to that indescribable grace, which made all others seem rough and coarse in comparison? Her delicate health gave her an almost ethereal look, and added to all was a childlike unconsciousness and simplicity, which was her rarest charm. Every day disclosed new graces in her. I found that her reading was as extensive as my own, and her culture much more varied. She had knowledge of the world, understood politics, which I detested, and could enter with clear comprehension into the exciting questions of the day. She enjoyed and understood art. She had been abroad, and was herself almost an artist. I had never known the charm of music, until I heard her magnificent voice stirring the depths of my soul. I never saw another so endowed with all gifts and graces.

I remember standing before my glass

one day in perfect disgust at the contrast it presented to the beauty and grace of my cousin. Why was not I also beautiful? Why had I not one gift whereby to charm the love which was my life? I would almost have died to win one look such as I had just seen lingering on her unconscious face. Then came the question, Had he ever loved me? Had I ever satisfied his whole being? a question which I dared not answer. I dared not risk the search into the title of my heart's only wealth.

But the question had found entrance, and from that moment peace was gone. I became suspicious and watchful, and there was not a night that I did not carry to my bed some secret hoard of bitterness wherewith to poison my soul. My resentment found vent only in the malicious martyrdom of heaping upon Eleanor the attentions which her delicate health required, and which my husband would otherwise have taken upon himself. If he had only seen my restless, indignant heart grasping at every cover for its pride and selfishness!

But I must not go on. I must not recall what I have spent years in striving to forget. I look back upon it as upon a wild storm at sea. I had ventured in one frail ship my all of earthly joy. The fierce waves engulfed it, and I had nothing left. Nothing then—I could not then look beyond it, and feel that God asked me to give it up, and so I had no comfort.

But all this was in my own heart. No word or look of mine revealed my feelings. I am sure that Eleanor never suspected them. She had always lived in an atmosphere of love and tenderness, and the cares now lavished on her only took the place of others as tender, and she never suspected the price I paid for them. I believe that she thought of him and rejoiced in him as a brother, and would have been astonished and shocked if she had guessed the truth. And as for him, he tried, poor Edward, I know he tried, to be faithful to me.

And I believe that I never had a feeling toward her, which now, when per-

haps she knows all, I would not have her know. Her memory is pure and bright, like the thought of an angel; and he, how could he help it? I was never beautiful or attractive, and was now worn and weary, and selfish with unshared grief; my temper, never too even, was now irritable and resentful. Life's burdens were heavy upon me, sickness, poverty, labor, disappointment, a lonely heart; and in contrast to this dark picture, was one radiant with youth and beauty, softened by a tender sorrow, the light of earth touched with the shadow of heaven. I should have loved her too, and felt that she only was the queen of all womanhood.

But nevertheless, I was wretched. If it had not been for my baby, I should have wished to die. But he needed me. No one could love him as I did, and for his sake I must live. Why could I not even from this have learned the great lesson of self-renunciation; that it is loving, and not being loved, giving and not receiving, which makes our happiness? Why could I not have felt that this sublime feeling *makes* us worthy, and exalts us into a dignity and guardianship like that of the angels? But not yet: it is a hard lesson to learn.

Months passed. I cannot go through them. Eleanor lost strength; a hard cough held its grasp, yielding to no remedies, and one by one the marks of the inexorable destroyer were upon her. Thank God, that day and night no tender cares were wanting! At last, one night we found her with the red blood gushing from her mouth, and in a few minutes she was gone. I heard words of agony that night, which are burned into my brain and my heart: no matter what they were—if I could only forget them! Thank God, no one else heard them—no mortal could thenceforth only pity me. I knelt by his side, I kissed his pale lips, and prayed God to help me to be his comforter.

No matter what followed in those next days. It is like a horrible dream, and I am trying to forget it. Gradually we went back to our old household ways.

If I had ever had a wicked thought, if my heart had ever whispered, "Soon the stumbling-block will be removed, and my pathway will be clear," how had she been avenged! The peace, the purity, the sanctity of death were around her now. She was a part of heaven itself.

My prayer at that death-bed lifted me to a higher sphere. Tenderly, like a mother, I pitied my husband. Not for my own sake, that was all past, but for his; blessings, unfelt perhaps, might come to him through my lifelong prayers and devotion. And so I passed out of myself.

Then came my darling baby, and with her my reward. If I had been selfishly seeking my own happiness, I could not have done it more effectually. I have always loved to fancy that this sweet child, who has been to me nothing but joy and blessing, received something of the peace which then overshadowed me.

After her birth, the first evening, in the twilight, when my husband sat by my side holding my hand, I ventured to say to him: "Shall we not name her Eleanor?"

He did not answer at first, but I felt his hand grow cold in mine. "Do you wish it, dear?" at last he said.

"Yes," I replied, and truly.

So my baby, my only daughter, the purest blessing of my life, bears the name of her who was its blight.

How her father loved her! and what a sweet joy I felt that I had made him happy. He loved me then, with a grateful, humble love which was almost painful to me. I knew that the past, of which we

never spoke, was all unforgotten. I felt that a cloud, like the shadow of death, had been over us. I knew that the earth held no longer for him such ideal beauty and grace as were departed; but still, with silent hearts, we kept on together, loving and beloved. It was not the love of my young dreams, but it was less selfish than that, and God's blessing was upon it. It was as if I had had two loves.

But even this was not to last. God saw that I needed still more, and my husband, my first and second love, was taken from me. The day that he died I brought the children to him. He kissed them both, then laid his hand on Nelly's curls, and said in the tenderest tone: "Eleanor, Eleanor!" What it meant, *whom* it meant, I have asked a thousand times, but the grave does not answer. Why should it trouble me? It is God's will.

Now he is with her, and they are with God, and I am alone upon the earth. No, not alone, and not unhappy. I have brought this great burden, this great secret of my heart, and laid it at the feet of my Lord, and he has accepted it at my hands, and given me back his own peace. He asked of me the greatest and dearest joy, not only of life, but of memory. Not this—any thing but this—said my reluctant heart; but now it is no longer mine but His. There are sometimes stormy hours like this, when the flood sweeps back in its old desolating course, but its steady flow is onward, in the sunlight, to the infinite ocean. Why should it linger in dark recesses around sharp rocks and mouldering roots?

PARTED.

A FADED flower, a lock of hair,
A little ring, a small white glove,
A portrait of a maiden fair;

Some crumpled notes, *Aurora Leigh*
With pencil-marks and inscribed name,
A favorite song oft sung to me;

A ribbon blue, with golden clasp;
A scarlet hood, with faint perfume;
A waist-belt small, with broken hasp.

VOL. I.

What foolish things are these to keep!
So very small, so worthless too—
What folly over them to weep!

The faded flower, the small white glove,
The little ring, the portrait fair,
Are relics of a long-lost love;

And whispering soft and whispering low
A story of a little grave,
They cause these bitter tears to flow.

THE ROMANCE OF THE MALLEE SCRUB.

A BALLAD.

THE principal incidents in the following story are faithfully narrated from an account published in the *Melbourne Argus*, from which it appears that the parents of the children resided in a hut in the district of the "Mallee Scrub." There is some discrepancy in the accounts given in the English newspapers as to the respective ages of the children; whilst one represents them as two, four, and seven years old, another and more probable one includes them between the years of five and nine.

During the period of nine days and eight nights in which the children were lost, it would seem that they ate nothing, and drank but once.

From a more private account, it has come to light that during this long interval of anxious suspense, fervent prayer was made to God for the preservation of the little wanderers, and for those who sought them, coupled with the interesting fact that little Jeanie had regularly repeated the well-known child's evening prayer beginning "Gentle Jesus" "for them all." The incident excited great interest in Melbourne, Ballarat, and Geelong, where a subscription was raised, to the amount of £226, to be appropriated to the children's education.

The writer of the ballad hopes to be excused if, in availing herself of the natural history peculiar to the Australian bush, she has introduced into the "Mallee Scrub" inhabitants which do not properly belong to it. She has failed to obtain an accurate history of this district.

"Now, Jeanie, my lassie, be up and away,
To the banks of the evergreen broom;
The winter is coming, and fagots must blaze
Very bright in the settler's home.

"And Johnny, my bairn, take the hatchet
with thee,
And work like a brave settler's son;
And bonnie wee Frankie would like to go
too,
And play till your labor is done.

"Keep close to the tracks and the bushes ye
ken,
Don't wander away frae the plain—

If once ye get 'wildered and lost in the
Bush,

Ye may never see mother again.

"Away with ye, bairnies, good-by, and away;
I'll soon see ye coming again:
And take care of Frankie, my bonnie wee
boy,

And don't wander off frae the plain."

Away went the children, with merry "good-
by,"

And light-hearted frolic, from home;
Away by the track they had traveled before,
To the banks of the evergreen broom.

The sunshine is clear, and the morning is
fair,

Their cheeks like the summer rose glow,
And their sunny bright hair ripples free on
the air,

As laughing they merrily go.

"Oh! there are the banks of the evergreen
bloom,

And the gum-trees that tower so high;
Now Frankie can look at the gay paroquets,
And list to the wattle-bird's cry.

"And you and I, Johnny, we'll gather, we will,
Oh! such a big fagot of broom;

And mother will call you a brave settler's
son,

When we take her the big fagot home."

With diligent hands and a vigorous will,
The hatchet was made to obey;
But tempted on further by this and by that,
To the Bush they unwarily stray.

Unwarily on, till their weary arms ache,
And crave a short respite from toil;
And then, like brave conquerors resting
from strife,

Exulting they gaze on their spoil.

But Frankie is sleepy, and wants to go home,
And mother will look from the door;
And Johnny, brave fellow, is fain to con-
sent,

Though eager to gather some more.

They bind up the broom self-complacent and
proud,

And Johnny bends down for the pack;

Then taking the little one up in her arms,
 Jeanie looks for the home-beaten track.

Confused and confounded a moment she
 stood,

With a puzzled, bewildered stare;
 Where—where were the trees and the bushes
 she knew?

They had vanished—she could not tell
 where.

“Which—where is the path, Johnny? I
 canna see.”

“We’ve wandered, Jean, out of the track!
 I fear we have lost it.”—“No, no, Johnny,
 no;

A moment, and we shall be back.

“But do let us run, now, as fast as we can;
 And don’t say, ‘We’re lost,’ Johnny,
 pray!”

And she ran with Frankie, he ran with the
 broom,

Till weariness forced them to stay.

They stop for a moment, and then run
 again,

Perplexed more and more as they go:

“’Tis this way—no, that way—no, sure it is
 this,

These wattles we certainly know.”

Full heavily burdened their little limbs ache,
 But gasping they still stagger on,

Till, sadly o’ermatched with the fagot of
 broom,

Johnny sinks with a half-suppressed groan.

They sat down to rest on a hillock of heath,
 And Frankie, the little one, slept,

And Johnny and Jeanie gazed round on the
 Bush,

And lifted their voices and wept.

For there not a track nor a trace could
 they see

Of any known hillock or mound;
 The silent blue heaven was over them
 spread,

The wild Mallee Scrub lay around.

Soon drying her tears, Jeanie cheerily said:

“We can not be far from our home;
 We’ll call to them, Johnny, as loud as we
 can,

And father or mother will come.”

Then shrill on the air rose their infantine
 cry,

Repeated until they were spent,

Repeated, repeated, again and again,
 Then failed in a tearful lament.

“They don’t hear us, Johnny; we’ll run on
 again,

And leave the nice fagot of broom.”
 And further and further they wandered away,
 Their poor little faces from home.

Sometimes they would stop as the settler’s
 clock

With laughter the foliage stirred;
 Then start on again, as aloft in the air
 The scream of the eagle they heard.

The diamond snake through the rustling
 fern

And shivering grass glided by,
 And the venomous death-adder slept in the
 sun

Where the herbage was withered and dry.

Thus wandered they on through the long
 afternoon,

In weariness, hunger, and pain;
 And often sat down for a sorrowful cry,
 Then struggled on bravely again.

They struggled on bravely—their hope often
 raised

By a tree, or a hillock of broom—
 Some form that resembled the objects they
 knew

Within the near circuit of home.

Then all three together would utter a cry
 That floated away on the air,
 And listening, listening, long they would
 stand—

The lone desert echoed despair.

Oh! could they but find a few berries to
 eat!

They had searched all the bushes in vain;
 And pinched with keen hunger and feverish
 thirst,

They wept all together again.

Then evening drew on, and the great sun
 went down,

Went down in a deep crimson glow
 That flashed through the forest and flushed
 on their cheeks—

On those little white faces of woe.

The chill night drew on, with its gathering
 gloom,

Once more they crawled up on a mound;
 The dark clouds were rolling high over their
 heads,

The dim frowning desert lay round.

The deep soundless silence struck chill to
their hearts,

They whispered low under their breath,
And trembled as through the encircling
gloom

The night-birds wailed over the heath.

They crept close together with quivering
lips,

As far through the deepening dark
The fierce howling cry of the dingo was
heard,

And nearer, an answering bark.

Wee Frankie was sleeping within the tired
arms

That clasped him with motherly care :

"We'd better lie down, Johnny, let us lie
down,

And I'll say our evening prayer.

'Tis cold, very cold, and poor Frankie will
cry,

Away from his own little bed ;
He'll lie warm between us—I'll take off my
frock,

And over the pretty one spread.

Kneel down, brother Johnny, and lift up
your hands,

While I say our evening prayer ;
And God, he may see us and keep us from
harm—

Mother says he lives everywhere."

Then plaintive and sweet rose her tremulous
voice ;

They knelt side by side on the ground ;
And that little prayer rose up to the throne
Where angels stood listening round.

They slept there together, the three little
lambs—

Away, far away from the fold ;
Beneath the wide shade of a sheltering tree
Their weary limbs rest on the mould.

The great dusky bat on its wide-spreading
wings

Sailed round on the chilly night air,
And circled the innocent sleepers who lay
In the peace of their evening prayer.

The hungry wild cat, as she prowled o'er the
waste,

Through midnight gloom seeking her prey,
Walked round the still sleepers again and
again,

Looked on them, and hastened away.

We leave the still sleepers to sleep out their
sleep,

And wake under slow dropping rain,
And hungry, and thirsty, and weary, and
wet,

To renew their sad journey again.

PART II.

"Oh! wherefore come they not again?"

The mother cried with fear ;

"At morning prime they left the hut,
And noontide now is here."

"Oh! wherefore come they not to me?"

The mother said once more,
And with her hand above her eyes,
She looked from out the door.

"I warned them strictly of the Bush,
I bade them not to stray ;
But sore my heart misgives me now
The bairns have lost their way.

"We've often heard of travelers,
Entangled hopelessly
Within the toils of Mallee Scrub,
E'en at the braw noon-day.

"Perchance e'en now their heedless feet
The trailing plants have bound ;
Perchance the thick mimosa-trees
Have circled them around.

"Perchance the adder, or the snake,
Full in their path may lie,
And coil about their little limbs,
And sting them, and they die.

"Or, worse than all, the cruel blacks,
In roaming o'er the plain,
May track them out, and I may ne'er
See my sweet bairns again.

"I canna stay—my pretty bairns !
What may not be their fate ?
I will away into the Bush,
Or help may come too late.

"Thank God! here is my ain gudeman !
Ah! love, our bairns are gone !
At nine the morn they left the hut,
And now the hour is one."

"I'll cooeey loud," the father said,
"They only stop to play ;
And, lassie, get my dinner quick,
For I'm in haste away."

The gudeman stepped outside the door,
And cooeeyed long and clear ;

The native whistle, well attuned
To rouse a distant ear.

Then turning in, he lightly said :
" They're only gathering flowers,
And playing underneath the trees ;
They dinna count the hours."

And cheerfully he ate his meal,
The time went slipping on,
When, taking out his watch, he said :
" Where are these idlers gone ?"

" Ah ! where indeed ?" rejoined his wife ;
" My heart misgives me sore,
That into this lone hut of ours
They'll never enter more."

The husband laughed and took his hat :
" Dear wife, keep your tears
For something else ; I'll soon drive home
Your little flock of dears."

With rapid step he reached full soon
The broom-banks, where he found
The traces of their handiwork,
Strewed lightly on the ground.

" A call will bring them now," he said,
" The little truant elves !
'Twould serve them right if they were left
To stray, and lose themselves."

Then lifting up a lusty shout
That echoed far and near,
He stood, expecting momentarily
Another shout to hear.

" 'Tis strange," he said ; " they're fast asleep."
He called each child by name :
" They can't be lost—impossible !
They know which way they came."

But still his foot more rapidly
The trackless forest crossed

" This Mallee Scrub's an ugly place
When little ones are lost."

And ever as he strode along,
His little Jeanie's name
Was shouted on the ringing air,
But still no answer came.

The father loved his pretty flock
As dear as dearest life ;
The protestation part he left
To his more tender wife.

His search was vain : his fears aroused,
On horseback he would pass
With more rapidity across
The bush-entangled grass.

He is at home—and back again,
And through the trackless maze,
He followed every seeming path,
Diverging diverse ways.

And anxiously he saw the sun
Upon the distant bound
Of that vast desert going down,
And his poor bairns not found.

" This will not do," he said ; " the dark
Will soon be on their track ;
I'll gallop home, and rapidly
Bring other helpers back."

Through that long, dark, and dreary night
They searched each likely spot ;
They searched until the morning broke,
And still they found them not.

The children *must* be found ; all hearts
Now claimed them as their own,
And turned into the Mallee Scrub,
And left their work undone.

And mothers, who remained at home,
Ceased not, in fervent prayer,
To place them in the hand of Him
Who dwelleth everywhere.

Again the livelong day they sought
Small footprints on the ground ;
Night fell again, and morning broke,
And still no track was found.

The Sabbath came ; from far and near
Kind helpers joined the train :
Full thirty men on horse and foot
Searched through the bush again.

They scared the bounding kangaroo,
The buzzard took to flight,
The small opossum found its tree,
And hastened out of sight.

But darkness fell on baffled hopes,
And dimly broke the dawn
Upon the father's anxious face,
Downcast and weary-worn.

Day followed day, and hopeful words
Dropped faint from every tongue :
The little famished wanderers
Could not have lived so long.

But still from mothers' hearts at home
Unceasing rose the prayer
To Him whose eye is over all,
Who dwelleth everywhere.

At length came tidings that awoke
A thrill of ecstasy :

Some little footprints had been seen
Full many miles away.

Oh! had those little prints been lined
With pearls and golden ore,
They had been worthless to the hope
These priceless tidings bore.

Twelve miles they tracked the faltering feet
With patient skill untired;
Then rain came down, the track was lost,
And with it hope expired.

'Twere best to cease; what would avail
To find the children dead?
The trackers' strength was broken down—
'Twere best to cease, they said.

Not so the father; every day
New zeal within him burned:
They *must* be found, his precious bairns,
O'er whom he fondly yearned.

They must be found, alive or dead;
He felt nor cold nor heat,
Nor thought of rest while yet remained
One hope to track their feet.

Oft wandering through the midnight Bush,
The cat-bird's sudden shriek,
So like a child's, would clutch the blood
Out of his flickering cheek.

One evening, as the stormy sun
Went down in lurid flame,
Far distant, on a ridge of moor
A troop of warriors came.

For so they figured to his eye
In that uncertain light,
And when his whistle thrilled the air,
They vanished from his sight.*

His heart quailed with a sudden fear:
His wife's forebodings grew
Into a horrid shape of truth
Before his startled view;

With ghastly tales of fierce revenge,
E'en at the settlers' door,
And stories of young children lost,
And never heard of more.

No, no, he must not yield to this;
But, "If these blacks were set
To find the little missing track,
It might be followed yet."

The thought was clear; the blacks were
sought,
And set upon the ground,

And by their bloodhound instinct keen
Once more the track was found.

With eye and ear acute, intense,
They caught the faintest clue,
And kept the thread unraveling
As evidences grew.

To their accustomed eye, the Bush
Lay like an open book:
The fallen leaf, the broken twig,
The pebble in the brook;

The springing moss o'er which the foot
Had stolen stealthily,
Were printed letters, which revealed
A secret history.

At length they pointed to a place
Where but the yester-e'en,
Beneath a group of sapling trees,
The wanderers had been.

They pointed out broom strewn about,
A little broom-made bed,
A small broom pillow, where, they signed,
The young one laid its head.

They pointed to the shadowy trace
Of weary, stumbling feet,
Where strength had failed, but still the
heart

With warm affection beat.

They pointed where the little one,
Too weak to walk alone,
Was taken up, and borne until
The bearer's strength was gone.

And by their persevering skill,
And keen, instinctive sight,
They proved the little wanderers
Had traveled in the night.

It was too much for heart to bear;
The tracks grew more and more,
And with an aching thrill of hope,
The father rode before.

The sun was sinking, and the chill
Dark hours of winter's night
Would stop the earnest trackers' toil,
And seal the path from sight.

A low bare mound he marked ahead,
From which he could survey
The frowning waste of Mallee Scrub,
In the dying light of day.

With eagle glance on every point,
His eye concentrated light,
While inspiration of the heart
Made e'en the darkness bright.

* Emus are often thus mistaken for human figures.

Not far away, not very far,
A little spot appeared,
Outlined with white—the man is off.
The interval is cleared.

There, side by side, and cheek to cheek,
In trance-like sleep they lay ;
Their covering the little frock,
Defaced with many a fray.

The ashy hue of withering life
Clung to each shrunken face ;
A little while, and they will rest
In death's more still embrace.

The father watched them as they lay,
So like to death, so dark ;
Would any slightest shock of sense
Puff out the fluttering spark ?

Perchance some warm electric stream
Flashed from the parent's breast,
And poured the thrilling glow of life
Upon their deathly rest.

For slow unclosed the darkened eye
Of Johnny, and he said
One little word—"Ah! father, come!"
And staggered from the bed.

Wee Frankie's blue and parched lips
Gasped, "Father, we did cry
For you to come." The father's voice
Was faithless to reply.

More firmly death's cold hand was laid
On patient Jeanie's heart,
And it was feared the ebbing life
Would suddenly depart.

It was not so : she lives to tell
A tale the world will hear,
Which oft will bring to parents' eyes
The sympathizing tear.

When their own little child at night,
Beneath their tender care,
Says, "Gentle Jesus," they will think
Of Jeanie's evening prayer—

Will think of Jeanie's patient love,
Unhoused, in cold and rain,
Cheering her little brothers on,
Forgetting her own pain ;

Cheering them on with hopes of home,
As hunger fiercer grew ;
Cheering them on with hopeful tone,
Though she was hungry too ;

And motherly, with gentle hand,
Wee Frankie boy she led,
And even at the worst she tried
To shape a little bed.

Nor this alone the sister's part,
Nor this alone her care—
Beside their lonely forest bed
She prayed their evening prayer.

Not for one night, or two, or three—
Eight nights it was the same ;
Yes, even in that failing hour
In which deliverance came.

Yes, when they laid them down to die,
When hope became despair,
Then—even then—poor Jeanie prayed
Her little evening prayer.

"THE TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS."

AN article on this subject, which appeared a few months since, is calculated to awaken the profoundest interest in the metaphysical and ethical world. Should any of the theological corporations demur at the new doctrine, sure I am that individual professors and students must experience a marvelous relief at the solution of that hitherto inextricable problem—the contrariness of dead matter.

Every body, of course, has been amazed at the propensity of vinegar and catsup, of gravies and pudding-sauces, to make

their extra-malicious displays on superfine damask. And every body has been dismayed at the itching of glass and china-ware, of costly mirrors and the like, to get cracked or smashed ; of britannia, plated, and silver wares incurably to dent and jam themselves ; of chair-rockers to stub the toes of dignified women, trip up tall men, and throw infantile victims shrieking upon the floor. We have all seen children angrily thrash these perverse rockers and other sharp-cornered things ; and we have seen well-bred adults

looking as if they *would* thrash them if they only dared. (Mind, I don't say I ever felt so myself.)

Those of us who lived in the generation anterior to kerosene, can bear painful testimony to the wicked inclination of old-fashioned glass lamps to tip over, break, and deluge new ingrained carpets with vilest oil. You might apply Indian meal, French clay, whatever you pleased, for successive days, spreading papers on the top, and pressing the whole with hot irons. You removed your appliances, but the oil wasn't removed. You washed with hot suds, and fancied that, at last, you were successful. The next day that atrocious grease-spot, in spite of your regenerating processes, stared at you in its stubborn depravity, broader and brighter than ever.

With these, and myriad like perverse tendencies, every body has been familiar. It remained for a *woman*—one of rarest aptitude—to disclose to metaphysicians and the world, the cause of those perpetual calamities which, until her advent, had baffled all efforts at explanation. "The total depravity of inanimate things" must be regarded as the most important of modern discoveries, far surpassing the invention of printing and the telegraph, and even that of sewing, washing, sweeping, and apple-paring machines.

By way of doing what I can more fully to establish this grand theory, let me give a few confirmatory facts.

A public speaker, in one of his rhetorical flights, having occasion to use a handkerchief, drew out, first, a napkin—a sly contribution from the tea-table of his hostess; and secondly, a baby's shirt, which had mischievously beguiled him while searching for a handkerchief in some feminine drawer, and whose ruffled sleeves and lapels shamelessly flaunted themselves in the eyes of his gazing auditors.

A good woman was summoned from her culinary domain to receive callers. Aware that her cap was more suggestive of kitchen smoke than of snowy lawn, she ran up-stairs, and after a general brush and turn about, put on a fresh cap

and descended to the drawing-room. She at once noticed a strange twitchiness in the facial muscles of her guests, but tried to ignore it, making strenuous efforts to play the agreeable, while she bowed this side and that in the pleased assurance that in her upper story at least she was *à la mode*. But in spite of her efforts, the struggles of the ladies to preserve their equanimity seemed only to increase, till finally they rose, and with hurried adieux, escaped to the door, whence came back unmistakable titters as they made their exit.

"What rudeness!" exclaimed their hostess, as she walked up to a mirror to see if any thing could be amiss. Alas! there was her elegant new cap wickedly perched on the top of the grimed and smoky one.

The allusion in the article named to the well-known imps of the printing-press, recalls some grievances I have myself endured at the hands of these remorseless little black gentlemen. Where I had remarked of some one that she was "in a delirious agony," I was represented as affirming that she was "in a delicious agony." In a certain document, I had written the following sentence: "I should like to make such complainers sing and dance—*nilly-willy*." Conceive of those tiny sinners making me say, "I should like to make such complainers sing and dance '*Mills' Waltz*!'" (if any body knows what that is.)

I must also indorse the new doctrine in respect to the dreadful depravity inherent in *words*. Of how many life-long alienations are these naughty things built up of A B Cs the occasion! You write a *tête-à-tête* epistle, letting the words choose themselves. The sly villains come trooping in, till you have a whole regiment of volunteers, when you seal and forward. The reply comes. What in the world does it mean? Your correspondent is on his high heels, and cuts you again and again with such freezing politeness that you are confounded. *Words* again, my friend. The sting they concealed from you, they planted in him, and he recoils resentfully. And so it goes

on, these impertinent syllabic go-betweens making reconciliation more and more difficult.

Feeling that you are misunderstood, you undertake to explain your views on certain political, ethical, or theological points, and flatter yourself that you are singularly luminous. Presently you shall find those views drawn out into a perfect caricature of your belief, and going to prove you an arch-traitor or heretic. Shocked beyond measure, you appeal to your opponent, whom you know to be an honorable man. But such is the unaccountable perversity of words, that, the more you endeavor to elucidate the matter, the more hopelessly you become involved in a tangled web of misconceptions and absurdities.

But among all the iniquitous things in the inanimate creation, that which, in our judgment, ranks as the wickedest *par excellence*, is that libelous instrument (I am glad I don't know the name) employed in the taking of photographs. The little knave, with its great goggle eye, at which the hapless sitter is forced to stare till his tears come, or his senses go, is undeniably the most audacious of all traducers. Look at yourself as it has executed you! Though you never had any beauty to boast of, yet you certainly are not the worst-looking body on this mundane sphere. But did you ever behold so ugly a face as that which now meets your astonished gaze?—great stony eyes, sunken cheeks, drawn-down mouth, wrinkles everywhere, and beauty nowhere! As you survey your grim image, you feel like the old maltreated woman in Mother Goose, who was thrown into such dreadful doubts regarding her own identity, that she was glad to leave the decision of the question to her dog.

Seeing your incredulity, the man in charge coolly tells you "it is a good likeness. The sun can not deceive. Any body would know it as your picture, madam." Ay, there's the rub. It mocks you by a seeming resemblance, but cheats you out of your very soul—the miserable defamer!

I knew a lady who induced her hus-

band to sit so continually for his photograph, that at length he became infected by the malicious virus of the instrument, and provokingly remarked: "The trouble is, I am a homely man, and my wife is determined to have a handsome picture; so I suppose her attempts will never be given over while my mortal life continues."

Had the fair authoress of the aforesaid article appeared on the stage a few years earlier, she never could have omitted from her category of things that were "made foolish," that old puzzler of woman's wits and taxer of her patience, cycled *shirts*.

A long time ago, I undertook the supervision of a set of the aforesaid garments, including, of course, their wearer. It was the height of my young ambition that the man should be exactly fitted by his shirts, concerning which he began to make complaints just one moon after I took him in charge.

"What is the matter with them?" I meekly inquired.

"There isn't a single one that fits me."

Totally unsuspecting of the inherent wickedness of the article concerned, I flattered myself that the difficulty would be easily remedied. So I ripped here and basted there, pulled up this shoulder and pulled down that, till I thought I had got it.

Mistaken mortal! it would not fit!

I made another series of experiments with equally futile results. Then I consulted one or two friends, and felt sure I had at last discovered where the shoe—I mean the *shirt*—pinched. I applied a cure, but the thing wasn't cured. Next I employed a tailor to try his skill. Not one whit better! The man was getting—and I was getting—desperate.

As my *dernier resort*, I summoned a council of sewing-society women, and we went into a committee of the whole. For hours, we expended our united wits on a single shirt, often subjecting the luckless owner to successive trials of the garment.

"Don't that now fit your neck exactly?" asked the head of the conspiracy, as for the forty-fifth time we gathered round our victim.

"Why, yes," with a charming smile of

relief, and twisting his head about experimentally. "Really, I can't suggest any improvement."

"Oh! be joyful!" exclaimed I, clapping my hands.

"Suppose," said one of the wise women, looking at me over her glasses as if some important idea had struck her, "suppose we cut out a new shirt on the improved plan, and if that suits, take a pattern from it."

"Agreed," cried I, quite jubilant, and ran to a chest for the cotton.

So we cut, basted, and tried on—sewed, and tried on—starched, ironed, and tried on.

"Capital!" affirmed our representative of the lordly sex. "Not a thread amiss. It is the first time in my life that a shirt has exactly fitted me."

As a grateful memorial, I made up six new ones after that identical pattern. We entered on our triumphant epoch.

Woe worth the day! Must I own that before forty-eight hours had passed, that "*exactly fitted*" individual called me aside, and pointed with cruel significance to his neck.

"I am *very* sorry," with the blandest air in the world. "I suppose your mistake came from your great desire not to choke me."

"Mistake! choke you!" echoed I convulsively, a little tempted to try the latter.

"Don't be troubled. It requires only a slight alteration—a trifle cut out of the binding, that's all. You see it's *rather* large."

"Why couldn't he have found it out before?"—to myself. Then aloud with great dignity: "Tell me *precisely* how much to cut out."

"Well, I should say just about an inch."

"Just about an inch," muttered I sarcastically, adding, with a sudden burst of indignation, "I believe the mischief is all in your neck, which dilates and contracts on purpose to torment me."

He smiled kindly on my wrathful tears, and I—well—when the shirt was "rough-

dry," I dutifully cut out the inch, basted the binding, and tried it on again.

"That is just what it wanted. It does very nicely now, you see," working his chin up and down.

"Yes, I see. I did before."

"Practice makes perfect, and this time you hit the nail on the head."

When the change was completed, he once more tried on the shirt, and unequivocally assured me that "it fitted to a T." So I made the same alteration in the other five, and sat down to take a bit of comfort.

Can you imagine what next happened?

In the course of a fortnight, the man gave me an invitation to ride with him, which I was only too happy to accept. How extremely gracious and agreeable he was! I might have suspected something was coming. From one thing to another he led the conversation, till finally he approached the old hateful topic, (he had on one of his new shirts.)

"I don't mind my vexation," remarked I innocently, "now that you are at last suited." Then, supposing the matter forever at rest, I turned to a pleasanter subject. But coming back to the shirts again, his face assumed such a deprecating look, that I exclaimed in alarm:

"Nothing ails them now, I hope."

"Only a very little thing, and easily altered. In your fear of getting them too large, they are a trifle too small—only a trifle."

My heart swelled, but I uttered not a word.

When we reached home, I made him measure off on his forefinger exactly how much he wished inserted. The shirt he had on happened to be the identical one I had first altered. I was fortunate enough to discover in my work-basket the very piece I had cut out. And I was malicious enough to exult at its proving the exact measure of the addition wanted. So I sewed it in again, repeating to myself all the while, "Oh! the *crotchety-ness* of man!"

Will you believe me when I whisper it confidentially, that after all this, for many

years, I alternated between cutting out and putting in the self-same piece—the man's neck invariably playing me false.

Of late, however, I have dropped the labor of sewing, having discovered that pinning over one week, and unpinning the next, answers all the purpose. The victim of this perpetual change silently acquiesces in the inevitable arrangement; and what is better, he has learned to do the thing himself.

There is a shirt hanging over a chair in his chamber at this moment. I have had the curiosity to go in and examine it, as I have been writing. I find it is the *pinning-over* week.

Now I must own that, heretofore, I have been obtuse enough to attribute the depravity to the man and not the shirt. Can any one wonder that, as the recent brilliant theory dawned upon me, I exultingly exclaimed: "Eureka! eureka!"

Deplorable is the error it has dispelled from my mind. Oppressive the burden it has lifted from my heart. To think of the unjust wrath accumulated in all these years against that innocent neck! How can I ever make a sufficient atone-

ment to its owner? And how can I adequately express my immeasurable indebtedness to her—the finder-out of that which has been hidden from the creation of the world?

What an indescribable relief to young men and maidens, to old men and children, to all of every age and condition, that henceforth, we are not only at liberty, but, as a means of moral discipline, are clearly *required* to inflict salutary chastisement upon unruly gravies and liquids; wicked mirrors, tea-pots, and china dishes; unmannerly rockers and sharp corners; malignant lamps; spiteful nails and door-latches; rebellious garments; impish printing types; libelous photographic implements; malicious, cross-grained, totally depraved words, syllables and dots; in short, upon every one of these tantalizing offenders—in the pleasing hope of introducing a thorough reform into the vast world of inanimate things—thus mitigating this large class of ills to which flesh is heir, and contributing in no small degree to the amiability and comfort of all mankind!

REASONS WHY THE INFIRMITIES AND SINS OF GOOD MEN ARE RECORDED IN THE SCRIPTURES.

ONE characteristic feature of the Bible is, that it records the weaknesses, the errors, the gross moral delinquencies, of good men, without the least attempt at extenuation. From Genesis to Revelation, there is not an instance in which the history of a good man is presented much in detail, that we are not sure to find ourselves in contact with at least a very imperfect character. There is some weakness or some wickedness recorded that never could have been predicated of a being over whom sin had no dominion. Look at Abram, passing his wife off for his sister, because he could not trust the providence of God to avert from him the evil which he feared. Look at Isaac, prac-

ticing a similar device for a similar reason, and no doubt encouraging himself in it by the remembrance of his father's example. Look at Jacob, deliberately forming and executing a plan to cheat his brother out of his birthright, which also involved a gross imposition upon his blind old father. Look at Moses, actually joining in the murmurs of the multitude, and distrusting the providence of God for the supply of their wants, and even virtually arraigning the Divine wisdom and goodness for having placed him in so difficult and responsible a situation. Look at Aaron, just after he had been divinely appointed to the office of the priesthood, falling in with the impious proposal of the

discontented Hebrews, to make a golden calf, a contemptible idol, and then appointing a solemn feast to be observed in honor of it, as if it had effected the great deliverance from Egypt. Look at Job, renowned for his integrity, and yet, upon a change of circumstances, wrought up into a very frenzy of impatience, and even cursing the day of his birth. Look at David, in various dark passages of his history, especially in the case of Uriah, where falsehood, cruelty, sensuality, and even murder, are horribly blended in the same infamous transaction. Look at Solomon, causing a dark cloud to settle over his later years, by plunging into excesses of which we can scarcely read without a blush. Look at Paul and Barnabas—the one the very chief of the Apostles, the other preëminently a son of consolation, getting into a sharp dispute about what would seem to have been no very important matter, and, as a consequence, separating, and going off to exercise their ministry in different directions. And, not to extend the enumeration, look, above all, at Peter, who, after having stood with his Master on the mount of transfiguration, was found skulking away among his Master's enemies, and denying with oaths and curses that he had any knowledge of Him. That all these were good men—that is, that they had the principle of divine grace in their hearts, and are now the inhabitants of heaven, the same Bible that has recorded their faults does not permit us to doubt.

But the question may naturally arise, Wherefore is it, that, if these were good men, their imperfections and crimes are thus distinctly noted, and of course preserved as an enduring testimony against them throughout all generations? Would it not have been more in accordance with the dictates of that charity that loves to cover the multitude of sins, to have drawn a veil over these manifold offenses against God and man, and to have let only that part of the character appear that can safely be commended to imitation? In short, would not the moral tendency of the Bible have been better if all who figure in its history had been stainless characters—or

rather, if the stains that actually adhered to them had not been made thus to glare upon the world? It is the design of this article to show that there were good reasons why the faults and even flagrant crimes with which these ancient worthies were chargeable should not be kept back, and that this feature of the Bible is strikingly illustrative of the wisdom of its Author.

My first argument in proof of this position is, that the record here referred to is a striking proof of the truth and divinity of the Scriptures. This appears from two distinct considerations.

The first is, that such a record evinces an *impartiality* which is utterly inconsistent with any thing else than integrity and truth. Much as the *heart* of the sons of men is set in them to deceive, all men's *consciences* are against it, until, by a desperate habit of wickedness, they have been trained to that state of mingled blindness and insensibility that forms one of the most decisive symptoms of final reprobation. Hence arises the disposition in men to hide their sins, not only from their own observation, but the observation of others; and hence, too, when numbers are enlisted in a common enterprise, in the success of which they have a common interest, we do not expect to hear them proclaiming each other's imperfections; and even if they attempt to cover up gross offenses, the discovery of which would be likely to harm their cause, they only act in accordance with the well-known principles of human nature. They know that the moral sense of the world is in favor of integrity, of a steadfast adherence to the true and the right; and hence, where this does not exist, they are willing still to pretend to its existence, or, at least, to be silent in respect to the existence of the opposite quality. Now let the course which has actually been adopted by the writers of the Old and the New Testaments, in respect to one another, and even in respect to themselves, be brought into the light of these remarks. Could any thing be more graphically or impartially delineated than Peter's disgraceful fall has been by three of his fellow-apostles? Where, in the sad account of Da-

vid's complicated guilt, is there a single sentence that indicates the desire to cover up, or excuse, or even palliate? And so in respect to all the rest—is it not manifest that the sole object of the writers was to tell the simple truth; and is not their narrative characterized by the same air of simplicity and directness, whether they are relating good or evil of their subjects? But can any one believe that this would have been the case if they had been consciously guilty of producing a forgery? Matthew and Luke and John were Peter's intimate friends and daily associates—they and he had been enlisted in a common cause—that is, they had been fellow-helpers of the Saviour in the establishment of his kingdom, though they had at best exceedingly inadequate views of the enterprise in which they were engaged—how absurd is it to suppose that, if they had not been honest men, they should have published statements to the world, so derogatory to their fellow-disciples; ay, and to themselves also; for much of what they have written is illustrative of their common weakness and blindness—and especially that most remarkable record, that “they all forsook Him and fled” in the hour of his greatest need, seems a sad reflection even upon their gratitude and their humanity. They have written this part of their own history with just as unflinching a pen as that which brings out their devoted attachment to their Master and their most self-denying and praiseworthy actions, while yet there is not the semblance of any thing that looks like false humility, like making a pharisaical parade of one's own evil doings. Every thing in their narrative is simple and natural, and evidently designed to convey the truth, the whole truth, so far as was necessary to the desired end, and nothing but the truth.

But if the writers of the Gospel *intended* that their narrative should be true, then it *is* true, because their relations to the facts which they state forbade their being deceived in respect to them. And if their statements are true, then it follows that they are also inspired; for this they claim in the most explicit manner—and thus we

are brought to the grand conclusion that Christianity is a religion from heaven.

But there is another view in which this characteristic feature of the Bible helps to illustrate its Divine authority; it is itself a striking exemplification of the truth of one of the great doctrines of the Bible, besides being in perfect harmony with universal Christian experience.

In the characters of these good men we discover some dark shades; their general course of life is in accordance with the precepts of the Bible, and the dictates of an enlightened conscience; but here and there we find them wandering from duty and from God, and in some instances, performing acts which, if they were a faithful representation of their ordinary course of conduct, would place them in another category than that of the saints. But this is exactly in accordance with the Scripture view of the character of man; the moral state of the Christian on earth is everywhere represented as a mixed state; he has within him the principle of spiritual life, but it is feeble and infantile in its operations, and has to work its way to maturity, and ultimately to perfection, amidst not only temptations without but corruptions within. The principle of evil is only partially dethroned by the introduction of the gracious principle, and though the former will certainly be driven out at last, and the latter as certainly triumph, yet this result can be reached only by means of a series of conflicts that shall last to the end of life. The Apostle Paul, especially in his Epistle to the Romans, has described this conflict between sin and holiness in the regenerate heart in the most impressive and striking manner. He speaks of a law in the members warring against the law of the mind, and bringing into captivity to the law of sin which is in the members—and much more to the same purpose. Now, this is the Gospel theory; turn to the recorded lives of many of those who have been most prominent in the history of both the Old and the New dispensation, and behold this theory practically illustrated. Moses and David, Peter and Paul, and a host of others, bear witness to the truth of it.

Indeed every one who has been the subject of a spiritual renovation renders a similar testimony; all are conscious of remaining evil in their own hearts; all, in a greater or less degree, make the same melancholy fact manifest in their lives. If then the recorded imperfections and sins of God's people only form a practical exemplification of a principle clearly revealed in the same book, and if, moreover, they are in full accordance with the experience of the saints, as developed under our own observation, at what conclusion can we fairly arrive other than that the Bible is a true record; that its teachings, being in harmony with its facts, as well as with other facts visible and palpable to us, *must* bear the stamp of Divine authority.

The fact that the Bible has perpetuated the faults of good men, and especially of some of its own writers, suggests to us, further, the difference between an ordinary and an extraordinary Divine influence—in other words, between that influence which regenerates and sanctifies the souls of men, and that by which direct communications are made to them in respect to the Divine will, or concerning events still future. The difference is that in the one case the influence has to do chiefly with the heart, in the other, with the understanding. It is true, indeed, that the Spirit of God does not renew and sanctify men's hearts, except through the instrumentality of the truth; and this of course supposes the operation of the intellect; but it is the moral nature that forms the principal subject of the Divine work—it is the refashioning of the spirit—it is the introduction of the various Christian graces, each of which involves the direct exercise of the affections. Whereas, in the other case, the Spirit acts merely upon the intellect, in imparting to it the knowledge of events which are yet future, or in conveying important directions and instructions for the benefit of mankind. Hence it does not follow that those on whom it devolved to make out the inspired record had a larger measure of grace in their hearts than many whose names do not appear in the Bible at all—

many even whose names have perished from every earthly record. In selecting those who were to act as amanuenses of the Holy Ghost, God did indeed select those who had shared largely in the sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost; but doubtless he had respect to other qualifications—*natural* qualifications as well—and certain it is that the gift of inspiration was independent of, and greatly inferior to, the blessing of sanctification; and the Apostle supposes the *possibility* at least that the former should exist where the latter is wanting: "Though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing."

The distinction here referred to between intellectual gifts or acquisitions and spiritual attainments, we can never realize too deeply; and no doubt the confounding of the one with the other is the reason why multitudes deceive themselves in respect to their own spiritual condition. It is quite possible that we may attain to the largest measure of intellectual culture in connection even with the Bible itself, may be thoroughly versed in its history, in the evidences of its Divine authority, and in the principles of its interpretation, while yet we are utter strangers to its regenerating power; and, on the other hand, one may know little more of the Bible than that it contains the great doctrine of redemption by the blood of Christ, and yet, in cordially accepting that doctrine, may become a new creature in Christ Jesus. In accordance with this statement, we find instances not a few, in which men have evinced the highest degree of learning and talent in illustrating both the evidences and the meaning of the inspired record, who have shown themselves utterly recreant to all the claims of practical religion; and the cases are still more frequent in which persons of humble intellects have yet humbler hearts—persons whose intellectual acquaintance with the Bible is exceedingly limited, who yet have that spiritual knowledge of its great leading truths that

is identified with intimate communion with God, and with bright hopes of immortality. Let no one be satisfied with his claims to Christian character, unless the truth which he professes to receive descends from the head to the heart, and diffuses its renovating influence over the whole moral man.

Another reason why the evil dispositions and doings of good men are recorded in Scripture doubtless is, that they may serve as a solemn, salutary warning in every age. Human nature, in respect to all its original principles, is the same in every period. It is the same, too, in regard to the evil tendencies which it has contracted by reason of the fall from primitive purity. It is, moreover, the same in its regenerate state—that is, the work of spiritual renovation is a gradual work, though its beginning is always a pledge that it shall ultimately be perfected in a state of complete glorification, yet that consummation is never reached until death has done its work. Meanwhile the kingdom of God and the kingdom of Satan are both represented in the believer's heart—the principle of sin and the principle of holiness coëxist in direct antagonism with each other; and though, on the whole, the gracious principle is always on the advance, yet its progress is irregular, and not unfrequently it falters, and sometimes yields before the power of temptation. The experience of the saints whose history has come down to us in the inspired volume is a perfect illustration of this feature of the human character, after the Spirit has performed an effectual work upon it, and while it is passing onward to its glorified state. And how monitory is the record of these sad, dark experiences of those of whom the world was not worthy, to us who are walking in the footsteps of their faith! If they who are acknowledged to have been eminent for their piety and good works, and were even commissioned by God to embody His revelations in an enduring record, were still left to cherish evil dispositions, and even temporarily to practice wicked works, no doubt we, in whom the spirit of religion burns much more feebly,

have reason to be always on our guard that we do not fall before the power of temptation.

Surely that characteristic of God's word, which forms the subject of these remarks, inculcates upon all professed Christians the duty of the most rigid watchfulness. No one has reached so high a point of spiritual attainment that he can afford to withdraw a single sentinel from any watchtower of the heart. Where one imagines himself least in danger, the danger may be the greatest; for the tempter loves to do his work stealthily, loves to approach through some unexpected avenue, and to set the conscience of his victim to bleeding, while he is only in the act of throwing off his mask. The only security is in exercising an active vigilance at all times, and under all circumstances, and if that vigilance be suspended even for an hour, who can say that that may not be the fatal hour that will make the whole subsequent life an unbroken scene of humiliation and sorrow? And while we are to watch against the influence of temptation from without, we are especially to give all diligence that we understand well our own characters; that we ascertain the most vulnerable points in them, and there set a double watch. We are to keep ourselves armed with the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, so that in whatever form the tempter may approach, we may be ready to beat him back—for this is a weapon before which he cannot stand. We should cultivate the deepest sense of personal unworthiness, for humility is a source of strength—the proud shall be abased, the humble exalted. And, finally, while we are active, vigilant, earnest, let all be crowned with a sense of absolute dependence on God's grace, with the full conviction that if we gain the victory over our spiritual enemies, we must gain it in the exercise of strength imparted to us from on high. Let us study, then, faithfully and diligently even the most humiliating passages in the history of the ancient saints, that we may learn at once our danger and our duty; that we may realize that we have many slippery places to pass over, and that our only

safety is in keeping ourselves in the attitude of unceasing vigilance, and at the same time casting ourselves on the boundless resources of all-sufficient grace.

Yet another purpose which Infinite Wisdom contemplated in this permanent record of the infirmities and errors of good men, doubtless was the encouragement and comfort of penitent offenders. Even the most advanced Christians have a large amount of indwelling sin to mourn over, and, as a general rule, no doubt the greater their attainments in holiness, the deeper is their sense of the power of remaining corruption. So, too, it is, by no means, an uncommon thing for the most earnest and devoted followers of Christ to be subject to great inward temptation, to be afflicted with infidel and even blasphemous thoughts, and, as a consequence, to be cast into the depths of spiritual gloom. And, in order to tell the whole truth, we are obliged to add that, sometimes now, as in ancient days, men in whom we have every reason to believe that a living principle of religion has been implanted, suffer such temporary decays in the divine life that they neither give nor have any evidence of having been born from above; nay, they are actually left to commit overt acts of iniquity, which astound and horrify even the ungodly world. And then, when time has given opportunity for reflection, and reflection has brought in its train remorse, and remorse has begotten bitter humiliation, and filled the whole soul with agony, then it is not improbable will come black despair—a conviction that all past experience has been deceptive, and that the accumulated guilt is so great as to put the soul beyond the reach of the mercy of God or the efficacy of Christ's atonement. But in every such case these Old and New Testament erring saints have something encouraging to say. Nobody doubts that David and Solomon and Peter are now recognized as bright stars in the kingdom of our Father. And yet nobody who believes the inspired record doubts that each of them was chargeable, not merely with spiritual decay, with moral delinquency, but with aggravated crimes.

Their repentance restored them to the Divine favor; their experience of their own weakness and depravity made them more watchful to discover, and more resolute to resist, their spiritual enemies; and thus out of complicated, aggravated evil came spiritual strength and blessing.

Here then is encouragement for those who are oppressed by the weight of indwelling sin; to those who are subjected to a terrible internal conflict; for those even who have wandered and stumbled and fallen. But let it be remembered, especially in regard to the latter days, that there is no encouragement apart from repentance. So long as these holy men of old were under the cloud, so long as they were bringing forth the fruits of darkness, and were acting as if they were in league with the powers of darkness, just so long were they cut off from all reasonable hope that they had ever been the subjects of God's regenerating grace; but when they found themselves overwhelmed with a sense of their own guilt, and humbly and earnestly supplicating for mercy, then had they a right to hope in that mercy—a right to appropriate to themselves God's gracious promises to the penitent. They repented, they believed, they were restored. And as it was with them, so it is with all. To any one who has fallen into gross sin, and is still persisting in it, there is nothing in the history of the ancient saints to minister a particle of comfort, for their safety consisted only in their being brought to the way of holiness. When you have become sensible of your sin and are found mourning over it; when your iniquities have taken hold upon you so that you are not able to look up, and it seems to you that you must inevitably sink in the deep waters, then and only then may the sadder portions of the history of David and Peter legitimately minister to you comfort and hope.

We only add that this melancholy record is fitted to exalt our conceptions of the riches of divine grace. All these men who wandered so far from the way of truth and holiness had already felt the actings of the Holy Spirit upon their hearts

in forming them after the Divine image, and thus giving them a pledge that they should ultimately find their home in heaven. They had been the objects of God's gracious care and guidance, and had in various ways recognized their obligations to him, and were in the constant reception of the tokens of his peculiar favor. And yet, notwithstanding all this, they temporarily renounced their allegiance to God, and gave themselves up to the guidance of the spirit of all evil. And still God had mercy on them, and reclaimed them, and finally received them to himself in heaven, where they now are, casting their crowns at their Redeemer's feet. What is true of them is true of all who have attained or who will attain to the

better life; even after they have entered into covenant with God, they have rendered him at best but a partial obedience, and have sometimes flagrantly violated their obligations, and yet he endures with them in much long-suffering, guides them by his counsel, and afterward receives them to glory. What amazing grace, grace surpassing all our conceptions and all our praises, is here! Let us meditate upon this grace, and it will strengthen us in our weakness; it will comfort us in our sorrow; it will help us on in our pilgrimage; it will render more welcome and grateful to us the anthems of heaven, of which it shall itself constitute the rich, glowing, everlasting theme.

ST. JOHN.

I'm growing very old. This weary head,
That hath so often leaned on Jesus' breast,
In days long past that seem almost a dream,
Is bent and hoary with its weight of years.
These limbs that followed him—my Master—oft
From Galilee to Judah; yea, that stood
Beneath the cross and trembled with his groans,
No longer bear me even through the streets
To preach unto my children. E'en my lips
Refuse to form the words my heart sends forth.
My ears are dull: they scarcely hear the sobs
Of my dear children gathered round my couch;
My eyes so dim they cannot see their tears.
God lays his hand upon me; yes, his *hand*,
And not his rod. The gentle hand that I
Felt, those three years, so often pressed in mine,
In friendship such as passed a woman's love.

I'm old, so old! I can not recollect
The faces of my friends, and I forget
The words and deeds that make up daily life;
But that dear face, and every word *He* spoke,
Grows more distinct as others fade away,
So that I live with him and holy dead,
More than with living.

Seventy years ago
I was a fisher by the sacred sea.
It was at sunset. How the tranquil tide
Kissed dreamily the pebbles! How the light
Crept up the distant hills! and in its wake

Soft, purple shadows wrapped the dewy fields.
 And then *He* came, and called me; then I gazed
 For the first time on that sweet face. Those eyes,
 From out of which, as from a window, shone
 Divinity, looked in my inmost soul
 And lighted it for ever. There his words
 Broke on the silence of my heart, and made
 The whole world musical. Incarnate love
 Took hold on me and claimed me for its own.
 I followed in the twilight, holding fast
 His mantle.

Oh! what holy walks we had,
 Through harvest-fields, and desolate, dreary wastes;
 And oftentimes he leaned upon my arm,
 Wearied and wayworn. I was young and strong,
 And so up-bore him. Lord! now *I* am weak,
 And old, and feeble, let me rest on thee.
 So, put thine arm around me. Closer still.
 How strong thou art! The twilight draws apace.
 Come, let us leave these noisy streets, and take
 The path to Bethany, for Mary's smile
 Awaits us at the gate, and Martha's hands
 Have long prepared the cheerful evening meal.
 Come, James, the Master waits; and Peter see
 Has gone some steps before.

What say you, friends?
 That this is Ephesus, and Christ has gone
 Back to his kingdom? Ay, 'tis so, 'tis so.
 I know it all, and yet just now I seemed
 To stand once more upon my native hills
 And touch my Master. Oh! how oft I've seen
 The touching of his garment bring back strength
 To palsied limbs! I feel it has to mine.
 Up! bear me once more to my church—once more, once more,
 There let me tell them of a Saviour's love;
 For, by the sweetness of my Master's voice
 Just now, I think he must be very near.
 Coming, I trust, to break the vail which time
 Has worn so thin that I can see beyond
 And watch his footsteps.

So, raise up my head.
 How dark it is! I can not seem to see
 The faces of my flock. Is that the sea
 That murmurs so, or is it weeping? Hush!
 My little children! God so loved the world,
 He gave his Son; so love ye one another.
 Love God and man. Amen. Now bear me back,
 My legacy unto an angry world is this.
 I feel my work is finished. Are the streets so full?
 What call the folk my name? "The holy John"?
 Nay, rather write me, Jesus Christ's beloved,
 And lover of my children.

Lay me down

Once more upon my couch, and open wide
The eastern window. See! there comes a light
Like that which broke upon my soul that eve
When in the dreary isle of Patmos Gabriel came
And touched me on the shoulder. See! it grows,
As when we mounted toward the pearly gates.
I know the way! I trod it once before.
And hark! it is the song the ransomed sang,
Of glory to the Lamb! How loud it sounds!
And that unwritten one—methinks my soul
Can join it now! But who are these who crowd
The shining way? Joy! joy! 'tis the eleven!
With Peter first; how eagerly he looks,
How bright the smiles are beaming on James' face!
I am the last. Once more we are complete
To gather round the Paschal feast. My place
Is next my Master! O my Lord! my Lord!
How bright thou art, and yet the very same
I loved in Galilee! 'Tis worth the hundred years
To feel this bliss! So, lift me up, dear Lord,
Unto thy bosom, there shall I abide.

THE AMERICAN SABBATH AND THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT.

"O DAY most calm, most bright!

The fruit of this, the next world's bud;
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time; care's balm and bay;
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way."

THUS good old George Herbert sung more than two hundred years ago, when the Puritan view and practice of the Sabbath had sufficiently leavened the English and Scotch nation, and even the Anglican Church, to secure the essential approval of her greatest bishops and divines. Since then, we have more than two centuries of American experience, which, combined with that of Great Britain, establishes beyond all reasonable contradiction the infinite superiority of the Anglo-American over the European continental Sabbaths for all purposes of vital practical Christianity, public morals, and national prosperity.

We can not be sufficiently thankful to our Puritan fathers for having made a strict regard for God's holy day one of

the foundation-stones of our history and nationality.

What would America be without the weekly day of holy rest, with all its organizing, humanizing, restraining, purifying, hallowing influences and blessings? But take away our Sabbaths, and our churches will be forsaken, our Sunday-schools closed, the voice of the Gospel become silent, the fountains of virtue and piety will dry up, a flood of immorality and vice will inundate the land, our liberty degenerate into licentiousness, our prosperity become our curse, and our wealth our ruin.

The American people are perhaps more indebted to the institution of the Sabbath, and more in need of it, than any other nation on earth. It is one of our most sacred and potent traditions, from the first landing of the Pilgrims Fathers on Plymouth Rock, who sanctified their new home by a strict observance of the Lord's day, regardless of the pressing necessities of physical food and protection, the cold blasts of dreary winter, and threat-

ened assault of savage Indians, and thus laid the foundations of a new empire strong and deep in obedience to the law of God: remembering that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and the service of God the highest form of freedom. By the regular return of its holy exercises, the Lord's day perpetuates and spreads the blessings of Christianity, and keeps the stream of virtue and piety in vital motion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It is the best training school for self-government and discipline, a mighty check upon the mammonism and secularism of the age, a guardian of our liberties, and a mother of our prosperity. As an earnest, industrious, and practical nation, we can not afford to waste our precious time in the idleness and frivolities of the many holidays of human invention; but the more important is it that we should keep the one weekly holy day of God's own appointment in a manner that is most agreeable to God and most advantageous to the interests of morals and religion.

It is an undeniable fact that those nations which are most strict in the keeping of the Fourth Commandment, like Great Britain and the United States, are the richest and freest nations on earth. This is easily explained. Labor is the parent of wealth, and successful labor is conditioned by periodical rest. True freedom is based on moral self-control, it consists in the power and determination to do what is right and good, and is freedom not *from* law, but *in* law. The fear of the Lord makes man fearless of man, and the sense of constant dependence on him is the source of true independence. The stronger a nation is bound to Heaven, the more freedom can it bear and enjoy on earth, without danger of abuse.

The general observance of the weekly day of holy rest proclaims to the world from Sabbath to Sabbath that we are a *Christian* nation, and that the separation of Church and State is founded in respect for, and not in indifference to, religion. The observance of the Christian Sabbath as the commemoration of the resurrection of our Lord, implies the recognition of

the whole system of Christianity. The conviction and affection, the habits and self-governing institutions of a free people are a stronger guarantee to religion than the secular arm and legal enactments of the State.

Nevertheless our government also is more strongly committed to the proper view and practice of the Christian Sabbath than any other government on earth. The Sabbath laws of the different States are well known. To this must now be added the action of the chief executive of the nation.

It is a matter of the greatest importance for the interests of Christianity in this country, that our late Chief Magistrate, whose assassination by the wicked spirit of rebellion has made him dearer to the American people than any of his predecessors, has so strongly committed himself, in his official documents, to the cause of our holy religion, and especially the Christian Sabbath. We justly admire his honesty and integrity, his patience and faithfulness, his kindness and forbearance. During his whole administration, under the most trying circumstances, he never lost his temper, he never uttered a word of passion or ill-will. "With malice toward no one, with charity for all," was his motto, and should be inscribed on his tomb and on his monument. But the crowning excellency of his character was his faith in God as the supreme ruler of events, and his willingness to follow the guidance of Providence like a docile child.

In keeping with his general character, is the important service of President Lincoln to the cause of the Christian Sabbath.

It is well known that war in its first effects is a disorganizer and barbarizer, but in the overruling providence of God, it may become a civilizer and Christianizer. This is especially true of our civil war. It was at first very destructive to the cause of the Sabbath, and of sound morals generally. At the beginning of the war, Sunday was the favorite day chosen for military parades and battles, and the religious sentiment of the nation was rudely insulted. But God himself

has in several instances signally vindicated the honor of his day; and the names of Big Bethel, Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, Mill Spring, and Pittsburgh Landing confirm the experience that, as a *rule*, Sunday battles turn out disastrously to the aggressive party.

It was in opposition to the gross violation of one of the most sacred and potent traditions of the American people that President Lincoln, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and at the suggestion of a delegation from the New-York Sabbath Committee, issued that remarkable Sabbath order of November, 1862, which must be regarded as one of the very strongest evidences of the Christian character of our government.

Constantine the Great, the first Christian emperor, is highly lauded by the ancient fathers and modern Church historians for his famous Sunday Edict, A.D. 321, which was the first official recognition by any government of the Christian Sabbath, and inaugurates the *civil* as distinct from the *religious* Sabbath. Probably he went as far as it was safe for him to go in that transition period from the bloody persecution to the firm establishment of the Church in the old Roman empire. But as compared with President Lincoln's order, it is miserably meager and unsatisfactory, and has not been materially improved upon by any of his successors on the throne of the Cæsars. Let us have it in full:

CONSTANTINE'S SUNDAY EDICT, 321.

"On the venerable Day of the Sun, let the magistrates and people residing in cities rest, and let all workshops be closed. In the country, however, persons engaged in agriculture may freely and lawfully continue their pursuits; because it often happens that another day is not so suitable for grain-sowing or for vine-planting; lest by neglecting the proper moment for such operations the bounty of Heaven should be lost. (Given the seventh day of March, Crispus and Constantine being consuls, each of them for the second time.)"

Now let us compare with it the Sabbath order of our late Chief Magistrate:

"EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, NOV. 15, 1862."

"The President, Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, desires and enjoins the orderly observance of the Sabbath by the officers and men in the military and naval service. The importance for man and beast of the prescribed weekly rest, the sacred rights of Christian soldiers and sailors, a becoming deference to the best sentiment of a Christian people, and a due regard for the Divine Will, demand that Sunday labor in the army and navy be reduced to the measure of strict necessity. The discipline and character of the national forces should not suffer, nor the cause they defend be imperiled, by the profanation of the day or name of the Most High. 'At this time of public distress,' adopting the words of Washington in 1776, 'men may find enough to do in the service of God and their country, without abandoning themselves to vice and immorality.' The first general order issued by the Father of his Country, after the Declaration of Independence, indicates the spirit in which our institutions were founded and should ever be defended: 'The General hopes and trusts that every officer and man will endeavor to live and act as becomes a Christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and liberties of his country.'

"ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

Constantine uses neither the term Sabbath nor the Lord's day, but the heathen term, "the venerable day of the Sun," by which his heathen subjects understood Apollo, while the Christian referred it to Christ as the sun of righteousness and life. He makes no allusion to the divine authority and sanction of the day either in the law or the gospel. And finally he expressly exempts the country people from the prohibition of agricultural and mechanical labor.

President Lincoln, on the other hand, enjoins upon the whole army and navy, in a period of civil war, when the laws of God and man are supposed to be subject to military necessity, the proper observance of the Christian Sabbath, from the three-fold consideration of the necessity of rest for man and beast, of a just regard for the sacred rights and sentiments of a Christian people, and of obedience to

the Divine Will, as expressed in the Ten Commandments.

The moral effect of this order for all time to come can hardly be over-estimated. It has placed us first in the rank of Sabbath-keeping nations, and committed our Government to the right view on this vital question, which is closely bound up with all the interests of public worship and practical Christianity. It will go down from generation to generation

with the weight of official authority, with the whole force of a restored Union, with all the thrilling reminiscences of the most trying period of our history, with the sacred memory of our Martyr President, the second Father of this country, and chief of that noble army of patriots whose blood will fertilize the soil of the new Republic, and make it yield the fruits of a truly Christian civilization.

A PICTURE AND A SERMON.

IN Philadelphia, the other day, I dropped into the Art Academy, and spent the morning looking at a painting which I have seen ever since. The picture was *CHRIST REJECTED*, painted by Benjamin West. It is an immense work, and the greatest of West's laborious life. This painting has been severely criticised by old-world critics, who compared it, when they did so, to the greatest works of art extant, thereby complimenting West in judging his work by these almost faultless models. Compared with Titian's wonderful coloring, these colors are cold and dead; or compare these forms with Correggio's luxuriant figures, and we allow these are stiff, almost awkward. Placed side by side with the stern grandeur of Michael Angelo's wonderful majestic forms, these of West's creation would look little and mean. Take the whole picture, its composition, coloring, and handling as it is, and compare it with one of Raphael's heaven-born inspirations, as, for instance, his "Dresden Madonna," and this painting of West's looks of the earth, earthy. But though inferior in detail to these old-world models, this picture is a very grand work; and when we come to understand half its meaning and learn half the lesson it teaches, then we may quarrel with its minor points of execution. In the Transfiguration, Ascension, and Crucifixion of Christ, we demand the highest, most perfect work of the artist, for in them one looks for

glimpses of heaven; but the Rejection of Christ is an earth-born subject, and the only heaven hinted at is in Christ's face, the expression of which is as if West had approached with awe and occupied himself with prayer while he painted.

This picture covers a large canvas, and contains many figures. Our Saviour stands with bound hands and thorn-crowned brows, the mock scepter has been thrust into those bound hands, and a mantle thrown over his shoulders. He stands the picture of a long-enduring God, waiting to see if it is possible for man to add this sin more to the already sin-loaded world. Standing before the governor—one Pontius Pilate—accused by the chief priests and elders, Christ answereth not a word. Then Pilate asked him, saying, "Art thou the King of the Jews?" "And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest." Standing near by, on the left, is the scourger with his rods, waiting impatiently to scourge his divine Master. Into this miserable villain's face, West seems to have crowded all the sin and hate of the world with which man has reviled his God from that day to this. It is the face of an uneasy demon, seeking pleasure in the misery of his victims. On the right of our Saviour, standing on the steps of the platform, in his official character, is the Roman centurion. An earnest, noble face he has, and an upright, soldierly form; but his fine face

has a troubled expression, and shows the Spirit of God at work, which at the foot of the cross made this centurion cry out in agony: "Truly this was the Son of God!" Between the victim and his accusers, stands Pontius Pilate, hesitating between his sense of justice and his wish to please the people. With his hand outstretched toward Jesus, he supplicates the crowd to release this man in whom he can find no evil. He reminds them that at this feast he can release any *one* prisoner whom they may select. West seems to have painted Pilate saying: "Whom will ye that I release unto you, Barabbas or Jesus which is called Christ?" Ah! Pilate! Pilate! in your countenance we see the struggle between conscience and ambition—the struggle which has been going on ever since, when men in high and low places have halted between conviction of right and desire for popularity. Pilate hesitated, and then gave way to the popular voice, and Pilate has had an army of followers ever since. The chief priests and elders direct the public voice, and the great multitude crowding the building cry out for Barabbas; and for Jesus they say: "Crucify him! crucify him!" The cruel, eager, upturned faces of the surging multitude are caught and placed on the canvas, just as, with threatening hands and savage gestures, they demand innocent blood. Look now from the godlike form and heavenly countenance of our Saviour, across the canvas near the entrance, where stands Barabbas, bared to the waist, with his hands bound behind his back. He looks sullenly but defiantly on the scene.

This face of the robber Barabbas is one of the best studies in the picture. Into it, West has thrown malignant cunning and the most brutish sin, and we are appalled by the hatefulness of the sin, to save which they crucified our Saviour. In the midst of the crowd are many prominent officials. Foremost among them is the richly dressed high-priest Caiaphas, who by word and gesture is urging the crowd on in their terrible cry: "Crucify him! crucify him!"

In the foreground of the picture, on the left, just below the central group, stands the executioner. Hardened by his bloody trade, he takes little heed of what is going on, but is passing away the time by explaining to the boys about him the mode of crucifixion. The boys listen to him, but shrink from contact with such a wretch.

And are there no friends to Jesus here? Where is Peter, and where is the beloved disciple? They are both here. See that man in the crowd yonder whose fine head is bowed with grief and whose whole frame trembles with agony and shame. That is Peter. Peter, who has already thrice denied his Master, and now repents with bitter tears.

In the foreground of the picture, on the right, is Mary Magdalene, kneeling on the cross; her beautiful, sorrowful face is agonized with grief and pain, as with tearful eyes she looks up to her Saviour as if she would die for him. Here too is Mary the mother of God, whose beautiful Madonna face we all know and love so well—the face with a nameless something in it, which all artists intuitively give to Mary and to no other face in all the world; a something which all classes recognize and all hearts are touched by. She is leaning on John the beloved disciple; her head is bowed in grief, but she has not that perfectly sorrow-stricken look of Mary Magdalene; nor should she have, for Mary knows the cross only precedes the crown. Among these friends are a few others—Mary the wife of Cleophas, and a few pious men and women of Galilee—all mingled in the great mob crowded together in the hall, near the door of which are the two thieves bound together and soon to suffer side by side with Jesus. The judgment-hall itself is a good specimen of the Roman architecture of the time, with its grand columns and heavy arches. There is a gallery in it, supported by massive pillars, and from this gallery the aristocracy of Rome look down with various emotions on the scene below. There is Pontius Pilate's wife, overcome with grief and terror, for her entreaty that Pilate would "have nothing

to do with this just man" has been of no avail; and now, more than ever, she is anxious and troubled as she sees the furious crowd determined to have Jesus' life. Next to her sits the mocking Herod in his royal dress, and behind him soldiers of the guard and civilians, all watching the scene with eager faces. But the majority in the gallery and majority in the hall repeat the cry: "Crucify him! crucify him!"

A few days after my morning with this great picture of Christ Rejected, I was in the country, and from an aged and infirm preacher heard a sermon on this same subject. And now the painting and the sermon are so interwoven in my mind, that having given you one, I must give you the other.

The preacher read from the Bible the history of Christ's mock trial before Pilate, the sentence, and death on the cross. He read the account in a low, clear voice, which trembled as he read of the indignities heaped upon our Lord, the betrayal by Judas in the garden, Herod's mockery, that terrible scene of shame in the judgment-hall, when Peter denied his Master, and Pilate caused Jesus to be scourged, and then gave him up to the fury of the mob. He read of the scene at the cross, of that fearful cry which went up in agony to heaven: "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" The old man's voice broke here, and he closed the book and gave out a hymn.

The hymn concluded, he rose, saying: "You will find my text in the third chapter of Acts, fourteenth verse: 'But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto you.'

"Dearly beloved, when we read the history of Christ's sufferings on earth, his weary life of labor, his betrayal, crucifixion, and death, we are horrified, and exclaim bitterly against these men who could not recognize their Saviour. We think, had we only lived in those times, we should have known him for the true Christ and delighted to honor him, rejoiced to suffer for his sake. My friends,

we have the whole history of his divine goodness and love before us; and how many delight to honor him now? How many of us know him for our true God now? Especially are we all affected by the account of that mock trial of our divine Master, before the hesitating Pilate and in presence of that howling multitude who heap indignities upon their Lord which it makes us heart-sick to read of. We are very bitter toward Pilate, who, feeling Jesus was innocent, could yet give him up to death; and from childhood we have all declared against Peter, for the shrinking cowardice which led him to deny his Master thrice. With horror we look upon those wretched people who placed a crown of thorns on Jesus' head, a reed scepter in his hand, and mocked him—those maddened people who demanded the release of Barabbas the robber and murderer, rather than that Jesus the Saviour of men should live. We know how our Lord bore all this fury, and raising his eyes to heaven, prayed: 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' We wonder that this divine prayer did not change the frenzy of the crowd to repentance and bitter tears of shame.

"O my people! bitterly do we accuse these men of the past who knew not God, and yet closely do we follow in their footsteps. With all the light of revealed religion to guide us aright, we too have denied the Holy One and Just, and desired a murderer to be granted unto us. Denied Christ and declared for Barabbas!

"There comes a time to all of us, when we stand as Pilate, with God and good on one side, and the Devil and evil on the other. We know well the side we should be on; we know that God's side is the right, and our conscience bids us choose it and walk therein. But the way looks hard to untried feet, and it is not the popular path, and the Devil whispers: 'You are young yet; come to your pleasures now, and when you are old, and can do nothing else, you can repent.' All this time Christ is waiting on your decision. You decide for

the world, crucify the Saviour afresh, and go in search of your pleasures. Ah! Pilate, you have given your Lord to be crucified; by and by you will call upon him, but he will know you not.

"There are many Peters among us too—those who in time of safety and under favoring circumstances come forward and acknowledge their Lord and Master. Young people, surrounded by religious influences and living in a pious atmosphere, where it is easy to be good, declare themselves disciples of the Lord Christ. Circumstances change for these young people; they are thrust forth into the world, into temptation, where the name of Christian is a reproach, it may be, and—they deny their Master again and again, even as Peter did. We acknowledge all this; we confess to crucifying Christ daily with Pilate, to denying him with Peter, and yet we say: Surely we do not choose Barabbas rather than Jesus! O my people! do we not choose Barabbas when we choose the lust of the flesh and the pride of life, instead of the service of Christ? Do we not declare aloud for Barabbas, when we sacrifice conscience for position and power, debase our principles to gain popularity? Yes, even as that murderous crowd in the judgment-hall years ago, that fearful mob, which we condemn so, even as they shouted, 'Not Jesus, but Barabbas!' so shout we to-day, and crucify our Lord afresh in our daily lives.

"But, dearly beloved, one comfort we have in all this miserable review of our own likeness to that demoniac multitude who crucified the Prince of Life. Remember, even while they reviled him, Christ prayed, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do:' and then the dear Lord laid down his life willingly, an atoning sacrifice for the sinners of the world, an atonement for you and me, if we will only open our hearts and accept it. It was for this Jesus died. Once on Calvary an awful cry went up and

shook the world: 'My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?'

'It went up from the Holy's lips amid his lost creation,

That of the lost no son should use those words of desolation.'

"O my beloved people! turn ye, turn ye away from this great multitude of mockers who are reviling, persecuting, and crucifying Christ to-day, and come to Jesus, humbly confessing your infirmities, asking forgiveness for your sins, and strength to walk in the right way. Yea, come, and even as the thief on the cross was answered and pardoned, so shall ye too enter into the joy of the Lord. And now unto God I commend you, through Christ Jesus our Lord. Amen."

The preacher ceased, and I closed my eyes and tried not to see the picture on the wall which my mind had hung there. From the reading of the Scriptures until the close of the sermon, I looked at the old preacher closely, saw him distinctly, and almost as distinct to my eyes was West's great picture of "Christ Rejected"—as vivid to me on the white-washed wall as I saw it on its glowing canvas at the Academy. The figures in the picture and the words of the preacher are so interwoven in my mind, I hardly know yet whether the sermon came from the minister before me or the painting on the wall. And the preacher said we too denied Christ, and I see our Saviour bound as West has painted him. Like Pilate and the multitude, we crucify our Lord and choose Barabbas. I see Pilate and the multitude and the cross, all the instruments of death and torture, and that terrible executioner, as West has painted them; and, worse than all, I see that guilty, crouching, malignant Barabbas whom we have chosen rather than our Lord Christ.

A NATION ON ITS KNEES.

It is a singular ordering of Providence that the closing scenes of the great national trial through which the nation has just passed, should have been clouded with the gloom of a great affliction. The joy and exultation produced by the triumphs of our arms and the prospects of peace, were checked by the foul assassination of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. Our thanksgiving was changed to sad humiliation, and our songs gave place to sighs.

Beyond all question, it is wisest and best that it should be so. We may well fancy that we can interpret this strange handwriting of Providence. It was fitting that even our triumph should be welcomed by a sober and chastened joy. It was best for us that, coming forth victorious from the conflict, with a fresh and vivid consciousness of national strength, we should be kept from the indulgence of unseemly bravado, and have our thoughts directed by our sense of duty rather than by our pride. If "it is better to go to the house of mourning than the house of feasting," it may be more profitable for us to be brought low before God than be left to vaunt our strength, and with defiant tone set our feet in imagination on the necks of kings and nations, whom we feel that we have little cause to love, and frame schemes of aggrandizement little compatible with the true wisdom of a nation or in consonance with our proper work as a people.

Perhaps there has never been a period in our history when it more became us to take calm and sober views, not only of our past and of our future, but of our shortcomings and our duties, than it does to-day. We stand on the threshold of a new era. We are entering upon a new phase of national life. We are not unlike a Samson, released from the spell of a Delilah, waking from sleep, rending off the withes that bound him, and preparing himself for the true discharge of his mission. Upon us, with our unimpaired resources; with

a freedom for action which we have never known before; with a prospect of national advancement and growth that is almost bewildering; with possibilities of achievements of greatness or of disaster, proportioned to our responsibilities; there has been devolved a gigantic task. We have committed to our trust a national structure, broad as a continent, with its almost two score of state-pillars, some of them compacted of millions of human souls, to support the fabric. It is for us to turn it by self-denying toil, upon which we invoke the Divine blessing, into a national temple, and consecrate it to God. It is for us to repair its broken walls, to complete its proportions, to add in fitting place and order new pillars, to lay "the top-stone with shoutings of grace, grace unto it," and then to fill its echoing arches with the songs of a nation's praise, to roll the grand anthem louder and louder from ocean to ocean, till all kindreds and tribes shall catch the strain, and respond: "Hallelujah, Amen!"

And if it be that "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," it is fitting that we should prepare ourselves for our high duty by lowly confession and humiliation before God.

And surely we have reason to be humbled. Perhaps no nation ever had more or greater. If the measure of abused privilege is the measure of guilt, what reason have we for apprehension and for contrition! For what nation has been so privileged in the very germs of its existence? Assyria's foundations were laid by a raider and robber, the "giant hunter," Nimrod. Rome had its original in a band of outlaws headed by a fratricide. English national history properly begins with her conquest by Norman invaders, or if you go further back, it is to meet with another class of filibusters from the German forests. Our beginning was under different auspices. The bow of God's gracious design spanned the very clouds that lowered dark over the cradle of our

history. Our fathers were not freebooters or mere adventurers. Not a few of them bore the patents of God's nobility with them to these Western shores. They were exiles for religion. They came on a high and holy mission, and among them were some of the clearest heads and purest hearts of the age—men like Eliot, that mastered the Indian tongue, to give the Bible to savages; or like William Penn, who turned the edge of the tomahawk by gentle words of peace. A kind of patriarchal benediction rested on our nation's childhood. Our earliest university was consecrated "to Christ and his Church." "The aisles of the dim wood" rang with more than cathedral music, as beneath the forest shadows our fathers sent up their "hymns of lofty cheer" to heaven.

And what nation has ever been fostered into such early and healthful maturity as ours? With no venerable antiquity to look back upon, we have inherited the ripest harvests of all ages and climes. England took near six centuries to wear off the "shag of savage nature." Her humanity and civilization were cased in iron mail that had slowly to be rusted off or chafed away. Other nations of Europe rolled and tossed restlessly through the night of ages, waiting for the dawn. Rome grew to be a republic—too corrupted to last—only through long centuries of oppression, insurrection, and carnage. But our ancestry bore with them across the ocean a ripe civilization, that could be planted the moment they felled the forests, so that while all was new around them, and their log cabins were rudely made of green timber, and rose almost like an exhalation, there was within a patriarchal courtliness "of the old school"—old as Abraham; and a loyalty to constitutional freedom going back to precedents old as *Magna Charta*; and a learning often rich in the spoils of ancient and classic ages; and a piety that breathed forth its devotion in the very words that thrilled the soul of the Hebrew psalmist or prophet more than two thousand years before.

Fancy might compare this to Minerva springing full-grown and full-armed from

the head of Jove; but we note it simply as the transformation and consecration of the wilderness by the prayer and toil of God-trained men and the pressure of pilgrim feet; and from that hour, if the world's history has been the Bible of providence, ours has been the New Testament part of that Bible. God has dealt so with no other nation as he has with us. He tried us in the furnace of affliction. He made hardship and hardy toil invigorate youthful nerve and muscle. He confronted us with savage foes to keep out domestic broils. He welded us together as a nation by the oppression of the Stuarts and the Georges, and when we were ready to throw off a foreign yoke, we had enjoyed this discipline and tuition for more than a century. The Bible had leavened our institutions. The school had become acclimated under the shadow of the church. We had done without princes and nobles till we had become used to think and act for ourselves, and there had been trained up on our own soil men capable of framing and executing laws, of teaching like Edwards, of preaching like Bellamy and Davies, and of governing the state, like the Winthrops, Belchers, and Trumbulls.

For what nation can boast of better or wiser jurists and statesmen than God has given us? England had her Coke and Hale, but we our Jay and Marshall; she had her Chatham, we our Patrick Henry; she her Burke, we our Fisher Ames; she her Chesterfield, we our Franklin; she her Hampden, we our Adams; she her Cromwell, we our Washington. Before the splendor of that great name, a whole galaxy of foreign genius turns pale, and one must blend the elements of a dozen of Europe's proudest statesmen to produce that simple symmetrical commanding greatness which is imaged before us at the bare mention of "The Father of his country."

But God gave us all these. He endowed them. He trained them. He spread out our magnificent domain. He planted it with freemen. He taught from his own book and by his own Spirit that music of devotion and self-denying toil which

rolled onward in the forest on the track of the dying echoes of the war-whoop. He gave the energy which subdued rugged nature. He inspired the purpose that transformed the wilderness into a garden. He made his pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night move before us on our westward mission-march, to mark our progress and cheer us on, till over hill and valley, mountain and prairie, thousands of churches reared their spires to heaven, and learning and religion seemed to give each other the right hand of fellowship, right before the nation's eyes, while Heaven itself looked applauding on.

Who can think of what God has done for us in the past, and then consider the duty which, though less lavishly blessed, we still had owed, and not feel that it becomes us to be humbled. Mercies and privileges have been showered upon us, but what has been our return? Is it not a dismal thing to turn from the Red Seas, the Sinais, the Jordans of our history, glorious with a divine presence, to its scenes of murmuring and ambition, and rebellion against heaven—to its Ais and its Bethel calves, and its Gibeahs and its idolatrous graves? How have we set up the idol of national greatness, like that of Babylon's monarch on the plains of Dura, and talked "manifest destiny" and "Monroe Doctrine," till one would imagine that omnipotence had abdicated the throne or deputed its authority to raiders and fillibusters? What shame covers us when we think of the character of not a few of the men we have chosen to make our laws, some of them so despicable that their weakness and meanness put a kind of extinguisher over their blazing infamy, and save it from exposure; some of them graduates of Alcohol university; some of them so corrupt that scales exact enough to weigh the grains of corruption would almost verify the assertion that their vote was foreordained. We must confess that when we have heard from eye-witnesses, and read in the public journals of the character and conduct of some men who fill the seats of justice, or are called to frame our statutes; when we see how public spirit finds its metallic coffin in public

plunder; when we draw the curtain and look behind the scenes where the wires that govern the puppets of party are strung and pulled, we feel as if we were fast drifting in the direction of those cities of the plain that ten righteous might have saved. And who can dwell upon the vast masses of ignorance and vice around us; the thousands of grog-shops; the countless haunts of licentiousness; the reckless violations of God's day by corporations that would coin its hours into cankered gold and silver that will yet "eat the flesh as it were fire," and not seem to hear God's thunders muttering from afar: "Down, guilty nation, down upon thy knees?"

And if we come to events fresh in memory, dripping yet as it were with the nation's heart-blood, how does the voice of national chastisement bid us to be humble! How humiliating that such a nation as ours could not save itself from the terrible conflict through which we have been called to pass; that we had stupidly and guiltily let a Upas tree of iniquity root itself so deep around the very Constitution that it shook the capital, and made the very earth to quake to tear it up! What a shame on the nineteenth century, and the land we all love, that after all we had enjoyed, the wisest and ablest statesmen could not hold the conflicting interests and passions of the nation in check, and that now we have had added to our national record four years, like the prophet's roll, written within and without, with lamentation, mourning, and woe!

Is there a stiff and stubborn knee that will not bend to-day? Take its owner to some one of our more than one hundred thousand homes, where orphaned hearts and widowed affection wear yet, and long will wear, unseen within, the weeds of a sorrow that time will not sod, as it does the grave. See that lonely fireside! Note that vacant chair! Look into that carefully folded paper where the light brown locks or the curly ringlets lie! See that worn Bible whose title letters have left their gilt in the knapsack, or whose cover has been grazed by bullets! Hear that half-hushed sigh, as the kneeling house-

hold are commended in prayer to the God who took its darling idol away, not in a chariot of fire, but in the storm of battle, and they know not where on earth to drop their tears or plant their flowers!

Is there no meaning in all this? Is not here God's chastening of a nation; of each and all of us? One and another that once took a part in our own circles has fallen, fallen perhaps almost as sudden as by the lightning stroke. Could we be human and not feel the loss? And so we mourn. We bow down our heads. Our hearts are sad. We acknowledge our ill-desert. We confess our sin. It is a time for humiliation. Shall the rod smite us in vain? Does it not become us to bow beneath the stroke?

But there is occasion for humiliation also when we study the gigantic conflict through which we have passed, in the light of God's providence. One might have at first been incredulous of good, or doubtful of the issue. But the ark of God was on its way to the house of Obed Edom, and we knew it not. It was not man's intent that shaped the problem, or man's wisdom that worked out the solution. How short-sighted were the wisest? Some thought that all was nothing but a ninety days' imbroglia, or bluster; some were very much afraid that slavery was the actual corner-stone of the Republic, and that both would needs perish together! Others regarded the Constitution as a cake of unleavened bread that one rap of "coërcion" would shiver to fragments. Not a few wished—heartily wished—that an impassable gulf, like that between Lazarus and Dives, separated us, section from section. Our shrewdest thinkers were like spiders cautiously weaving their webs about corners and closets of cabin and state-room of the great leviathan of the deep, as it mounted the billows or rolled in the trough of the sea, and few saw the hand of Omnipotence grasping the helm, or heard above the tempest the still small voice: "It is I; be not afraid." But God is great. The nation is made to feel it. He can pilot into port his own majestic designs. He lets loose the winds, and he gathers them again. He says, "Peace,

be still," and there is a great calm. He sees a nation idolizing his own instrument. He lets the assassin strike him down, that the nation's eye may not linger on any thing earthly, but gaze beyond the falling pillar of state, straight up to the pillars of the Eternal Throne. God is great. A nation recovering its equilibrium confesses it. The defeated wisdom of the wise confesses it. Human bondage, reeling to its doom under blows that God directed against man's intention, confesses it; and it is for us, under the eye of that awful majesty that hangs the earth on nothing and taketh up the isles as a very little thing, to confess it too. God is great. The hearts of kings and the destinies of nations are in his hand, and it becomes worms of the dust to bow prostrate in humiliation before his throne.

But our duty is one of prayer as well as humiliation. We need help, and there is help in God, and in him only, and we must seek it. We need wisdom for our statesmen, and virtue for our people, and the fear of God pervading all our legislation. We want justice secured by more than statutes and criminal courts; we want a human and Christian brotherhood that will not grow except for a heavenly germ, nor then without the dew and sunshine of the Gospel. We want a more than human power to restrain and hold in check the volcanic ambition that is even now only temporarily subdued, and may yet again heave and toss the nation till it becomes once more like a crater of surging flames.

What we want, no man can give us. A Marshall might preside in our highest court, and a Washington might hold the balance of jarring factions; but even they would only adjourn the crisis, unless the nation is educated in the fear of God. The power that can save us must come not from some one great man, or even a Senate of great men. The mountain torrent will not water the landscape and keep it clean. A Niagara will not do it. We must have the gentle rain and the silent dew, each quietly feeding the parched leaf and the thirsty root. So we must have in each humble home a holy influ-

ence like that which a Christian mother breathes over her darling's cradle; like that by which the humble pastor awes even the giant intellect and instructs the prattling child; like that which seems to brood over village and hamlet as they are swept by the shadows of the village church. And how can we have it, except by God's blessing and through the riches of his grace — how, except as he breaks up the lethargy of avarice, and ambition, and worldly greed, and waters the seed of his own truth, till the Church, with revived energy, puts forth her sickle and gathers in a glorious harvest?

But we need the help of God at the present crisis in a peculiar manner. We are brought face to face with problems of national policy and duty where the most experienced is without precedent, and the most bold and daring is awed to reverence and fear. Never was there a greater demand for the wisdom of the serpent combined with the harmlessness of the dove. We want justice, unrelenting, unbending justice on gross and inexcusable iniquity; but we want also to make our very enemies, and much more our friends and brethren, feel that we have hearts that glow with sympathy and hands that are as open as the day. What shall be done to cover over the desolations of war with the fruits of charity and the waving harvests of beneficence? What shall be done to leaven this great heaving mass of humanity with evangelical influence, and secure to coming generations the benediction of ancestral piety and devotion? One is appalled to look simply at the nation as it is entering to-day upon a new phase of its career. It seems at times like a gigantic war-horse, champing the bit, pawing the earth, and smelling the battle afar off. Where is the rider that will hold it in check? Where is the power that can harness the leviathan to plough in the furrow and tear up this thorn and brier-cursed earth for God? We must look to God for wisdom and grace.

As we turn our eyes on to the future, it is natural for us to tremblingly ask, Where is our security as a nation? We confess we see no ground of security, except in the help

of God alone. Let him desert us, and a Demosthenes would only utter his philippics over the cold carcase of a dying empire, and a Cicero, with all the music of his utterance, would only avail to articulate an eloquent dirge over the liberties of his country. God must be our help, and that help will be worth more than fleets and armies. We shall be invincible in the highest sense. Let no senseless skeptic say that Providence is on the side of the heaviest battalions, unless he tells us what makes them heavy. Taking his words in his own sense, we deny their truth. Providence is not on the side of mere numbers or weight of metal. Paixhan guns and Minie rifles do not monopolize providence. There is an artillery of the soul that supplements that of the battle-field. Three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ can defy thousands of luxurious Persians. A Macedonian phalanx can cut its way through countless hordes of Oriental armies. There is something back of cannon and bayonet that puts a cipher before or after the digits; that divides them by tens or multiplies them by hundreds; and that something is what God, by his providence, puts or suffers to find a place in the human soul. It may be a coagulated weakness that turns a boastful Sisera to flight; or it may be the desperation of a patriot soul that breathes from lips like those that once said: "We must beat 'em, boys, before night, or Molly Stark's a widow." It may be a coward luxury that would fight with the teeth rather than the sword; or it may be such a willing self-denial as awed the British officer when he saw Marion's men in the Revolutionary war cheerfully dining on roast potatoes. It may be a calculating avarice that takes the balls only for the wadding, in the shape of bills, and is mercenary enough to snatch with Hessian avidity at the uniform that wins the highest wages; or it may be the undying loyalty to country which can not be conquered by camp starvation, like that at Valley Forge, or which, without a murmur, would track the frozen Delaware with bloody feet. It may be the mock indignation that, with beard and boots underneath a woman's

hood, cries out, "Is your Government so mean as to persecute women and children?" or it may be that deathless resolve which makes a Farragut lash himself to the mast of his vessel, that he may carry her the surer where the balls whistle and the shells burst in the thick of the fight. Only give us a just and holy cause, and with a Bible for every man's knapsack, and a Cromwell to lead the host, and we will show you a troop of peasants and plough-boys transformed into Ironsides. Every leader shall be a Maccabee, and every private a hero. The feeblest band shall be like Gideon's three hundred, and every single arm shall carry a nation's vengeance in its stroke.

Such is the strength of a praying faith. You can not measure it by weight of metal or weight of muscle. Without waiting for orders, it trusts Providence and keeps its powder dry. If it yields by compulsion, it yields by inches; if it conquers, it is with such magnanimity that it would weep for every blow it struck, and bind up, in the spirit of the good Samaritan, every wound it made. It has God, the Lord of hosts, on its side, and if the blind eye of incredulity was opened, it would see spiritual armies and countless legions of God's commissioned agents hovering over it.

We need the God of battles with us in the conflict of steel with steel, but pre-eminently do we need him in the new conflict that opens on us as the smoke of cannon lifts from off the field. We are mustering out our brave regiments, but we are called upon to grasp the weapons

that are not carnal, to fight for Jesus and redeem the land. All our success must come down from above. As Cowper has said in the cause of song—

"In vain the poet sings and the world hears,
If He regard not, though divine the theme."

But he will only regard the lowly and the praying soul. "The high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity" stoops only to the broken and contrite heart. In the lowest place we are on the foot-stool to the highest. From the bottom of a well, they say, one may behold the stars at midday. In the valley of humiliation, we are nearest the foundations of the eternal mountains. Let us see a nation on its knees, and we know that when it rises it will rise clothed in the invincible might of God. Let us see it prostrate in the dust before the throne of the Highest, and we want no more assurance that the golden scepter of love will be stretched out over it. We can read the future of that nation as if it were written in a prophet's scroll. If it inherits a domain like ours, we see it consecrating every hill and valley, and teaching the mountains to catch its song and swell the chorus of its praise. We see liberty, and law and justice, intelligence, virtue and religion, giving their tri-colored stripes to the flag on which shines undimmed the stars of empire, while the fleets of the world on either ocean wait to waft with every white-winged sail of commerce the message and the song of the angels of Bethlehem—Glory to God in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men—around the globe.

WHITE BLOSSOMS.

THE snow-white flowers of summer-time!

Fair globes of spotless purity;
Frail blossoming vines that cling and climb,
With star-gemmed branches floating free;
Large, heavy roses, dropping slow
Their perfumed snow-flakes to the ground;
Sweet lilies, with their heads bent low,
As if Christ's praise, so long ago,
Still held them listening to its sound:

If they have caught such purity,
If such perfection lives in them,
Which are but as the broidery
Upon thy garment's outer hem,
O thou all-perfect Christ! how bright
The beauty glowing where thou art!
How radiant every saint in light,
Who lives and brightens in thy sight,
And loves and knows thee heart to heart!

ABJURATION OF AMERICA.

IF in the successes and triumphs of these days we seem to have conquered a name and position, and a great and strong future; if there is some danger that our exaltation may run us into pride, and convert what we would like to have acknowledged as the Heroic Age of the Republic into a birthtime of unheroic vanity, we have at least one thing to humble us. For it is really a great mortification that, having now some thanksgiving on hand and a good deal of singing to do, we are still obliged to hear the piping of our praise in the same weak strains that have so often choked the feeling they were used to kindle in the years gone by. Still that same "America," or so-called "National Hymn," is put upon our assemblies, and they are even expected to have their *Te Deum* in it. Furthermore, if we let it run this jubilee with us, there is no little reason to fear that we shall have it stuck upon us and our children beyond the power of escape.

Our Christian patriots and ministers of religion do not appear to have duly considered the pretensions of this very unworthy and really illegitimate production. They can not have noted the unspeakable lowness of the conception itself, namely, a set of rhymes and measures to be made up for the sentiment of this proud Republic, that shall go in "*God Save the King*"! Then a label is stuck over it, not perhaps by the writer, which calls it the "*National Hymn*"! And then, to finish out the bastard showing of the piece, and even to stamp it as a theft, the tune itself is called "*America*"! Blame us not if we speak with a little severity on this point; for truth requires it, and we have suffered enough under this infliction to justify it—suffered even the more that so many good friends and patriots, who ought to know better, and would, if only they would set their attention for one minute to what they are doing, will yet go into this hymn with

visible gust, as a fit part of their great occasion, whatever it may be, and will chant their "America" four times through, with an air upon their faces that shows they are having a grand high time of it! To have one's patriotic fire smothered suddenly under this wet blanket is dreadful. He can not find how to enjoy the piece, and to enjoy the enjoyment of so many sensible people about him is the most provoking kind of impassibility; for he perfectly knows that not one in a hundred of them, having once had his attention put to the matter enough to raise a question upon it, could have any but a feeling of disgust for the piece from that time forth. The British are a great people, certainly, and their national air, saying nothing of the lyric that goes with it, is a downright honest affair. Is it then for us, if we have a national sentiment to express, to borrow or beg or steal the consecrated British air for our vehicle? And still further, in a way of giving it the due unction, to call it "America"? It should not be strange to any right-feeling American that a great many persons, not fastidious, but only upright, may be even sorely offended by this kind of servility. They could submit perhaps to some hardships for their country—labor for it, starve for it, possibly even die for it; but to give out this "America" for it, would cost them a sacrifice they could not make. The unmitigable shame of it they would even look upon as a kind of treason; and they could not easily forget that we are sure to hear from it, before long, abroad, in ways not complimentary.

It is alleged, as we generally know, in excuse of this very humiliating kind of piracy, that the air of "*God Save the King*" is itself not English, but was picked up on the Continent and taken by adoption. Just as it very well might be; there is no objection to our catching up any stray air, as perhaps we have done in the John Brown song—I do not know its

history—and adapting it even to a national use. But to seize upon an air that is no longer astray, but has been appropriated by a great nation, and try to put our national heart beating in it too, indicates a good deal more of poverty than we ought to confess, and puts us in a kind of *falsetto* that is not altogether of the voice.

It makes very little difference, in the view here presented, what may be the merit or demerit of the hymn contrived for this kind of use. Enough that it is a mere contrivance, and of course without inspiration; a poem without poetry, and really below criticism. It is rhyme which, taken at the face, is gotten up to serve a problem, and considering what the problem is, the highest praise to be given it is, that the manufacture answers faithfully the merit of the professed use. The sentiment is confused and feeble, as it should be. It apostrophizes, first, the saccharine sweetness of the country—"Sweet land of liberty;" then rises to sing it, in the third person, as the land where fathers have died, and especially the "land of the pilgrims' pride"—by which I suppose it is meant that we are proud of the Pilgrims, for having gotten a living out of it; for it does not appear that they were men to be specially proud of the new territory they found, or that they had any reason to be. In the second stanza, it gets to be the "land of the noble," otherwise called "free," and the poet is so mightily kindled over the "rocks and rills," and "hills," that

"Rapture his spirit thrills,
Like that above!"

In the next verse, having summoned the music of liberty out of "the breeze," and out of "the trees," he commands—

"Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break;"

in which it is evidently supposed that a considerably bold flight is reached. The last verse is a rather pious accommodation or translation of the refrain, "God

Save the King," and is well enough done to require no particular comment.

We prefer it, then, as our humble petition to clergymen and other masters of assemblies in our country, that they will consent to give up entirely this very unworthy and really humiliating effusion. Under no pretext whatever, and on no possible occasion, should our American people dishonor their name by the use of it. A people that can fight away half a million of lives, and three thousand millions of money, to save their country, can not afford to end off in singing "America"! It is true, and a very sad fact besides, that we have, as yet, no properly national hymn. Hail Columbia is flat. The Star-Spangled Banner is too nearly a swell. Yankee Doodle is more genuine; for the *nonchalance* of it is really sublime. We know nothing anywhere in music to match it. None of these are for the church, or have any fit connection with worship; and the no sentiment of *nonchalance* is particularly opposite to worship. Sing, then, if we can not do better, "God in his earthly temples lays;" or, "Let children hear the mighty deeds." And, above all, sing the truly noble and grandly patriotic hymn of Dr. Bacon: "O God! beneath thy guiding hand." The hymn and air that were given to the public by Dr. Muhlenberg, a short time ago, appear to have missed the accident of being fairly born, and for that reason have not succeeded. The want of good accident here is fatal. But the hymn had real merit. It was too long, and included three or four verses that could have been omitted with advantage. Otherwise it might have struck, and would have had a fair chance of success; for the music, which we know only by the eye and never heard in a public performance, appeared to have a look of promise. At any rate, we are not shut up to "America;" for the "whole boundless continent is ours," and as long as we can get range in it for our bodies, our voices and praises ought not to be shut up under a hymn that bears no vestige of the continent but the name.

TRUE AND FALSE IMPERIALISM.

THE Syracusan sage believed himself able to lift the world, provided he could find a fulcrum and a lever. His mathematical faith has never been thought to be absurd. For the mechanical forces are prodigious, and work prodigies in their way; but they are all hedged by material limitations. They have grooves, and can not escape them.

The Macedonian madman in a short while overran the then civilized world, and paused at the Indus to bemoan the incompleteness of his dreams. The Empire on which he inscribed his name then stood like a Colossus upon the ruins of some of the more stupendous empires of antiquity. Alexander for one giddy moment was master of the world. An inflaming cup dashed his glory and his conquests at a single debauch. The hero of Oriental homage, in one weak hour, sank to the ignominy of a sot, and fell from the heights of glory to an abyss of shame. His death sounded the tocsin of strife, war, and anarchy. Material forces were turned against one another, and the earth became red with blood and dark with desolation.

Emerging from the Etruscan shadow, Rome slowly climbed into historic light. Kings, decemvirs, senators, and consuls in turn developed its strength and asserted its martial supremacy. As a republic, it dominated over Africa, Asia, and many Gallic principalities. Its sword made, interpreted, and enforced laws. But the social wars of Marius and the proscriptions of Sylla, the revolt of Spartacus, and the political weakness which again and again found refuge in some dictatorship, plunged the Republic of Cicero and of Brutus into incurable disorders. Pagan corruption and the wild passions of a venal populace at length called for the Cæsar, and he came. Watching and waiting long for the anticipated hour when the imperial crown should adorn his brow and the august purple envelop his form; master of Brit-

ain, of Gaul, and of Rome; at the head of his legions the foremost chieftain in the world, he fell on the very threshold of the temple of his ambition, bequeathing his fame to his followers and his country to the triumvirs. The assassination of Julius gave the throne of the world to Augustus Cæsar. The Imperialism of brute force was then in the ascendant. Mistress of all other cities, Rome looked down from her proud elevation, and felt herself to be the disposer and arbiter of fate.

But her subsequent career furnished a fearful illustration of the grand truth that there is among men and nations a force vaster than that of armies, mightier, indeed, every way, than the wild and ferocious strength of any or all imperial warriors. Whether from instinct, from intuition, from reason, or from divine inspiration, we seek not here to determine, there has, nevertheless, come to exist, among men of all hues, ages, and nationalities, a deep, ineradicable yearning for something other and higher and better than they have ever secured under the splendors of imperial pomp. The conquering sword has seldom radiated the light of that great blessing which the people as such have coveted with strong cryings and with floods of flowing anguish.

"There is a spirit working in our race
Like to a silent subterranean fire;
And ever and anon some monarch hurled,
From off his throne attests its silent ire."

There is an Imperialism of Ideas, more sublime and more potential than any imperialism which Babylon, Macedon, or Rome ever understood or acquired. And it is an insult to mankind, a blasphemy of Christ, and a suppression of the testimony of history to assert that the great cause of the people can be subserved and defended only by and through the benign guardianship of a few great men, reâp-

pearing at intervals upon fields of imperial control.

Yet, as though its arrogance could insure authority for its falsehood, the assertion has recently been made by the accidental Emperor of France, "that when Providence raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to peoples the path they ought to follow; to stamp with the seal of their genius a new era; and to accomplish in a few years the labor of many centuries. Happy the peoples who comprehend and follow them! Woe to those who misunderstand and combat them! They do as the Jews did—they crucify their Messiah. They are blind and culpable. Blind, for they do not see the impotence of their efforts to suspend the definitive triumph of good; culpable, for they only retard progress by impeding its prompt and fruitful application."

Such are the dogmas which the master of four hundred thousand servile bayonets propounds in the face of eighteen centuries of progress. "The world is Cæsar's"—this is the sum of the political philosophy which the guarded despot of the Tuileries has to announce, first to the French people, despoiled of their liberties, and then to himself as the warrant for his attempts to dismember the American Union and to bind Mexico hand and foot, while he robs its inhabitants of their nationality and of their wealth.

That Napoleon the Third is an astute politician and a bold gambler for the establishment of an Imperial dynasty, is nowhere denied. The *coup d'état* was well contrived and remorselessly executed. The device of a ballot having no negative was clever. The fright at Magenta was repaired at Solferino by a cautious valor, which took no hazards for the imperial person; but the French Augustus is not the political Messiah of this nineteenth century.

Imperialism contests imperialism. The American Republic is in the *forum* of the world, to assert its political doctrines over against the preposterous claims of autocratic force. Why is the one stronger than the other? The correct reply is, that

ideas are sharper than bayonets, that principles carry farther than the heaviest cannon, and that the still small voice of an omnific Providence can by its faintest breath overwhelm in hideous shame and confusion all arrogant usurpers of popular rights and liberties. We do not claim that truth unaided can everywhere and always cope with falsehood armed. Right often yields to might. But nevertheless, truth and righteousness are sempiternal. They never lose their vitality. Having the inextinguishable essence that can never be destroyed by material combinations of power, they survive every assault, grow stronger by compression, and vindicate their supremacy over the broken thrones and shattered scepters of their enemies.

What are the regnant ideas which the American Republic has crystallized into unwonted splendor, and which it now wears upon its front, set in glory such as no royal diadem ever displayed?

We must go beyond even the excellent Constitution of the Union to find their source, and the heraldry of their superhuman grandeur. Ideas are Divine. The Infinite Thinker has thought for the centuries, and as his thoughts flow down and among the people, they become partakers of an inspiration which gives to truth its value and to right its majesty. The elder prophets of the Judean dispensation, rapt into future times, discerned the advent of One who would break every yoke, save the poor and needy, open the eyes of the blind, and raise up an ensign for the people.

Jesus Christ was neither a philosopher nor a politician. He came not in the robes of a prince, nor clothed with the habiliments of an Aaronic priest. His humble cradle, his obscure dwelling in Nazareth, his converse with the common people, offended the possessors of power. They scorned, despised, and crucified him. But the grave whence he arose became the throne of a power which has survived the magnificence of the Cæsars, which has overturned a thousand dynasties, and, with more than imperial sway, will go on turning and overturning, until

all nations shall walk in the light of its transcendent liberty.

When we search for the hidden sources of strength from which the American people have derived their patience, their courage, and their hope for the prosecution of the great war they have just closed with signal success, we must perforce go to the teachings contained in the sacred oracles. He who had compassion upon the people, who lived with them and among them, who died for all, Greek and Jew, bond and free, Caucasian and African, has imparted to the world a political philosophy which recognizes freedom as the first want of a nation, and the spirit of equal rights as the only spirit which can compose into harmony the discordant elements existing in all societies, whether civil or religious.

The assertion of Napoleon the First, that "God is on the side of the heaviest battalions," is atheistic and false. Waterloo disproved it. Yorktown disproved it. And it may be contested again before many years have rolled by on the very soil which, having trembled under the shock of successive revolutions, waits only the hour when one mightier than all its predecessors shall proclaim that the country of La Fayette, of Lamartine, and of Victor Hugo can erect an imperialism which shall have a free people for its throne and their hearts for its bulwark.

For principles are diffusive. They shine far, and strike into hitherto barred and shuttered habitations. They shine long, and their rays never weary in their task. What clouds they encounter to-day may be dissipated to-morrow. He who denies their existence only invalidates the trustworthiness of his own optics. If in voluntary blindness he refuses to see what the many behold with rapture, he may awake with a start to discern the measure of his power in the diminishing shadow of his own inanity. God can not be challenged with impunity. And they who undertake to exclude his light and to arrest his benignant purposes toward and in behalf of mankind, must take the risks of the encounter.

So, we put the Imperialism of Christian principles against the Imperialism for which the Emperor of France urges the arguments of personal ambition. And we find here in the origin, character, and end of the great struggle through which the American Republic has just passed, the abundant demonstration of the truth, that a people, intrusted with the guardianship of their own interests, can not only defend them, but in so doing fight the battles of humanity for the world, and inaugurate in a few years of privation a new era, to be followed by centuries of popular advancement, liberty, and Christian civilization.

HONOLULU.

It was on a bright morning in February when we had our first peep at Oahu. The air was soft and balmy; the breeze gently fanned our cheeks, but hardly deigned to rustle the heavy sails; and our beautiful ship rolled lazily. The languor of the tropics seemed to pervade every thing, and even old ocean forgot his roughness and was placid as an inland lake, save where the coral reef fretted and chafed him into foaming billows.

To the right of us lay Diamond Head, a hoary ancient crater of a reddish brick color, barren and forbidding in its appearance. Before us was the cocoanut grove of Waikiki, the Newport of the Island. Down almost to the water's edge, leaving only a narrow, sandy beach, grew trees of the deepest green, and prettily cradled among them were cottages with brown thatched roofs, the summer homes of residents in Honolulu. The town of Honolulu, a little

to the left, was the attractive feature of the scene. A massive stone church was most conspicuous; a flag-staff with the royal banner marked the abode of the King, though only the roof of the palace in a green leafy setting was visible. The town seemed to stand in a grove. Houses, varying little from our American homes, could be distinctly seen, and here and there a grass-thatched roof added to the singularity of the prospect. Near and back of the town rose the cone-shaped crater of Punch-bowl, called by the natives Puahi, doubtless deriving its English name from the shape of its concave summit. The side toward the town is steep, jagged and furrowed, but a rent near the top showed a green pasture in its interior. Away off to the left stretched a range of lofty hills. The whole shore was shut in by a coral reef, with one narrow entrance to the harbor of Honolulu.

Such was the picture that met our eyes on that beautiful February morning. A fine scene to one accustomed only to ice and snow at that season of the year, and we gladly left our gallant ship for a nearer view. Our boat approached the breakers, and the white crests frowned upon our temerity. For a moment the oars were still, a billow rolled in, "Pull, my boys," cried our captain, and the white waves were passed, and we were at the wharf.

It is not an every day occurrence for a vessel with passengers to visit these shores, and sometimes weeks go by without a foreign mail. Many were drawn to the wharf to see the new-comers, while a few friends with outstretched hands welcomed us most cordially to their Island home.

As we rode through the business portion of the town, we could not but notice the number of Chinamen in the streets, as well as the number of the stores bearing unmistakably their names. The natives lounged about, some carrying calabashes, and all conversing in a high, nervous tone of voice. The physical aspect of the Hawaiians is pleasing. They are a well-formed race, with olive-

brown complexions, and features resembling the Malay, or Indian. Their hair is black, and straight or slightly wavy. The men dress usually in the European style, but with the shirt sometimes worn as a sack, while the women wear loose flowing robes, falling to the feet without being confined at the waist. They have a strong fancy for gay colors, and it must be confessed that this loose, rainbow-hued dress is more becoming their dusky style of beauty, than our more somber, close-fitting garments would be.

The Seamen's chapel was pointed out to us, a modest-looking building; besides which, there are the Fort-street church for foreign residents, one for the Roman Catholics, one for Reformed Catholics, and two large edifices for the Protestant natives.

After passing the stores, we neared the palace grounds. But let not the fancy picture any thing grand or magnificent, no lofty dome, or high tower, or imposing guard. Two or three acres of ground are inclosed by a high, rough wall of coral. Plain wooden gates, guarded by a native sentinel, open upon an avenue shaded by rows of beautiful trees, and bordered by tropical flowers. The palace is a simple building, with no attempt at ornament, built of rough coral stone, one story and a half high, with a piazza around it eight or ten feet wide. On the right of the main building, and separate from it, are the King's private apartments; and on the left, occupying a similar position, are the Queen's suite of rooms. This is the residence of the Hawaiian monarch, unadorned, inexpensive, quiet, looking as if it might be the abode of some private gentleman; the royal banner, floating in the breeze, only telling the tale, and the sentinel at the gate proclaiming that here dwells the sovereign of the Hawaiian Islands.

Next to the palace grounds are those of a high chief, within which stands the royal tomb. This is a small stone building, with only one room. On a table in the center, lying on a crimson velvet cushion, is the Hawaiian crown. On

either side are frames supporting enormous coffins. Here lies the dust of kings and queens. No one seems to know where the remains of Kamehameha I., the founder of the present dynasty, were deposited, but here are Kamehameha II., and his queen, who died while on a visit to England; and here are those of the third Kamehameha. The most interesting of all is the coffin of Kaahumanu, the favorite queen of the conqueror. When the first missionaries landed, she was an imperious pagan; afterward she became a lowly Christian.

A short distance beyond on the right, stands the stone church, with a grove of feathery algeroba trees. It is a massive structure of coral rock, one hundred and forty-four feet long and seventy-eight broad. The corner-stone was laid in 1838, and it was dedicated five or six years later. The King subscribed \$3000 toward it, and others doubled the amount. Nails, lumber and glass were brought from the United States; stone was cut from the reef; timbers were drawn by hand from the mountain forests, or imported from Oregon, and coral was gathered and burned for lime. Native masons and workmen gave their labor without pay, the necessary funds were raised by voluntary contributions, and when the building was completed not a dollar of debt rested upon it. The entire cost, estimating materials and labor, was about \$30,000. And there it stands, the pride of every Hawaiian, a landmark to sailors, and a monument of the liberality and perseverance of a nation, less than twenty-five years after it emerged from the grossest heathenism. Well may they be proud of it.

Near this church are the old mission houses, still inhabited by mission families; and what a change has passed over the town since they were first built. This town, now looking so like our own towns, has eleven or twelve thousand inhabitants.

By far the most pleasant style of riding on the islands, is on horseback. A saddle-horse never used in harness is seldom hard on the bit. The gait of the Ha-

waiian horses is a canter or lope. We will gallop toward the old crater of Diamond Head, five or six miles distant. Be not discomposed should you meet a shower on the plain; it passes quickly, and you will not take cold. A branch road leads toward the grove of Waikiki. After crossing one or two streams fed by mountain torrents, but which now glide lazily toward the sea, we ride under the ancient grove. The heavy cocoanut leaves slowly surge back and forth with the breeze. How many tales they could tell of the time when Kamehameha I. held his court among them; what stories of bloodshed and crime; for in those days no one was safe. They could whisper, that it is not many years since Honolulu was a village of grass huts, boasting of no streets, only foot-paths; when the inhabitants roamed about with little or no clothing; when no one could read or write, because there was neither written language nor books. All chronicles were preserved by oral traditions. Now and then you may hear natives reciting a tradition, or *me-le*, as they are called. The language seems to have some peculiarities. If you wish to know how it sounds, ride over a rough road in a wagon without springs, and say *ah!* prolonging it as much as your breath will allow. The motion of the wagon will supply all the needed variations. But we are still riding through the cocoanut grove. The kau tree opens its yellow hollyhock-looking blossoms, and the cheerful rustic cottages have an inviting look. You have not tasted fresh cocoanuts, so we will call to that native boy, and secure his services. How nimbly he climbs the tree, the soles of his bare feet seeming to cling to the rough bark like a monkey's, and down drop the cocoanuts in their green husks, looking very like watermelons. Why, the boy is down already, and with his teeth tears off the husk, and knocking a hole in the top of the nut, hands you a goblet running over. How delicious, pure and sweet is the water. Now if you can but get the knack of it, and run your thumb under the soft meat, less

than a quarter of an inch thick, you may roll it around like jelly cake, and find it as palatable as a custard.

But Diamond Head is before us, and we will ride to where it meets the ocean. The native name is Leahi. There were once supposed to be diamonds in the crater, and it is said to have derived its English name from that report. Its side toward the sea is a thousand feet high, rough, barren, and worn into huge furrows where the fiery torrent once poured down to the sea. Its interior, like Punch-bowl, is a pasture. Do not be alarmed if your horse jumps a little when a villainous-looking, wiry Hawaiian pig runs across the road, for pigs are everywhere, and the horses seem to have an antipathy to them.

But what do we see coming round that headland? Is it a streak of the rainbow? One, two, three, four, a dozen or twenty native men and women riding single file at full gallop, and they flit by and are out of sight almost before you have recovered your breath. How easily they ride, sitting so erect in the saddle, seeming to be almost one with the horse. Did you realize that the women rode in the same manner as the men? The gay, yellow and scarlet kehae floated off so gracefully as they galloped by. The kehae is a strip of calico, sometimes many yards long, which is wound round the body, and so twisted over the limbs as to fall off on each side of the horse like a long skirt. One can but contrast their easy style with that of many of our American ladies on trotting horses, who look as if in agony, and out of breath, as they sit stiffly in their saddles, and jump up and down at every step of the horse.

As we go back to Honolulu we will turn a little from our course, and call at Punahou, or Oahu college. A winding drive, bordered by ever-blooming roses and tropical plants, brings us to the modest college buildings. The main building of stone, is two stories high with piazzas. Three one-story wings branch out from it in front, the center being the dining-hall, while the other two are dormitories for boys; the girls

rooming in the main building. Near it is a two-story house used for recitations, and behind is a garden, doing credit to the boys who take the entire care of it, the girls performing the housework. This college is open to all, but is chiefly designed for the children of missionaries and foreigners, who can here obtain a liberal education.

We will return to Honolulu by the back road, skirting the base of Punch-bowl, which towers up beside us to the height of five or six hundred feet. We can ascend the farther side on horseback. What a beautiful panorama lies now before us, reversing the view presented from our ship's deck. The town lies peacefully embosomed in trees. There seems to be some peculiarity, something wanting in the houses; it is the lack of chimneys, so necessary to the roof in colder climates. Here the cooking is done in a little cook-house, or in native ovens. To the left wave the stately cocoanuts of Waikiki, and old Diamond Head's ragged summit bounds the view in that direction. Before us is old ocean, here and there dotted by a snowy sail, with a fleet of canoes bound for the fishing grounds. Each canoe holds one native, and the air is so clear that you can see him dip his paddle, now this side, now that, making his sharp-pointed canoe dart through the water "as a thing of life." And away, away stretches the watery waste, until the ocean's blue and the azure ether melt and intermingle. Nearer the shore we trace the coral reef, white and snowy in the shallow water. By the wharves is a small forest of masts, and to the right stretch away hills in the dim distance.

Below us in the same direction lies the beautiful Nuanu valley, running up between lofty hills, with its fine macadamized street of the same name, and gardens showing their wealth of tropical blossoms, roses of every hue, lilies and geraniums, and houses, with open doors and windows. The date palm, algeroba, banana, and pride of India tree, remind you that you are in the tropics. As you gallop up the valley, you pass the foreign

cemetery, a neat inclosure, its snowy monuments and well-kept graves showing care and taste. The valley narrows, the road ascends and becomes less perfect, the scene grows more wild, the hills, or mountains as they should be called, more rugged and steep. We are eight miles from the city, and will slacken our pace. Just ride round that little promontory. Ah! I do not wonder that you pause in the middle of a word, and sit speechless! What a prospect! This precipice that goes down, down just before you, descends eleven hundred feet. Look up—on either side of

you rise others to the height of sixteen hundred feet. Look off to the eastward—a beautiful valley is below you, with meandering streams, groups of trees, little villages, herds of cattle, and fertile plantations, while bounding the prospect lies the silvery sea. This precipice at your feet is the famous *pali* of Honolulu, and over its brink the great conqueror drove a small army of defeated warriors. Those were heathen days, which are passed. Christianity has come into the islands, and changed the character of the inhabitants.

THE WAR OF THE KING OF CLOUD-LAND.

A GREAT deal has been written about the "Thirty Years' War," and the "War of the Roses." But nobody has chronicled the war waged between the King of the Land of Clouds and his mortal enemy, the King of Dust. Yet they have met in deadly combat, again and again, through a period of more than a hundred times thirty years, and that with a fury that might make the reddest rose turn pale.

Every body has heard of the Land of Clouds, and knows what a beautiful land it is. To be sure, travelers differ in their description of it; some having the audacity to declare that by dint of climbing high mountains they had penetrated into the heart of the country, and found nothing but an indefinite quantity of water, wherein they washed their matter-of-fact hands, and whence they escaped in a state of forlorn humidity. Others, on the contrary, maintain that Cloud-Land is a region of endless variety, loveliness, and sublimity. They describe its "gorgeous palaces," its "massive and motionless towers," its fortresses and battlements, as far transcending in beauty and grandeur the noblest structures of other lands; they speak in raptures of the "rose-light of its silent domes," as it "flushes the

heaven about and above them," and point to it as the land through which artists wander, and whence poets draw their highest inspiration. And of course, artists and poets know a thousand things of which men of common clay never so much as dream; and they are every body; and so we come back to our starting-point.

The inhabitants of Cloud-Land are a noble race, and the flag that waves from their every battlement, and is unfurled from their every watch-tower, is the white flag of purity and of peace. We who inhabit the Land of Fancy, may see it on almost any fair day, floating in delicate fleece-like folds, or dazzling silvery sheen against the azure sky. And yet, when we try to describe its transparent beauty, we laugh at our own simplicity, and find that our language has no words with which to do it justice.

Now it happened, that a low fellow, calling himself the King of Dust, took up his abode in regions lying below Cloud-Land. He had really neither throne nor title, but lived a vagabond life, doing what mischief he could, and making himself the terror and disgust of the whole neighborhood. The city of Good Housewives suffered every year from his law-

less troops, who led on by one March Wind, under the direction of this king, swept through its streets, invaded every nook and corner of its houses, inflamed and well-nigh put out the eyes of its inhabitants, and conducted in a riotous way in every respect. After defending themselves as long as possible with brooms and brushes, and other instruments of feminine warfare, the Good Housewives were again and again constrained to appeal to the King of Cloud-Land, and to entreat his intervention. This was also the case with the Land of Flowers. The queen of that land had no sooner robbed her maidens in their summer garments of many colors, than the King of Dust would come whirling and rushing along, with his rabble at his heels, and the whole land would be despoiled of its beauty in the twinkling of an eye. Some of its inhabitants were suffocated, some hopelessly defiled, some actually slain. The Queen herself, was treated with absolute contempt and defiance. Again and again she appealed to the King of Cloud-Land to come to her rescue, and again and again he sent armies to drive her enemies out of her domains. As far as possible, after performing this service, the armies of Cloud-Land restored what the King of Dust had destroyed, and repaired the ruin he had wrought. Many a miserable captive had thus been set free, and many a sufferer comforted. But the enmity between the contending powers was strengthened with succeeding years, until the King of Dust openly declared himself as the sworn foe of all that is true, pure, and honorable, and the King of Cloud-Land announced himself as the champion of the oppressed and the defender of the faithful. Things now began to look desperate, and the King of Dust resolved to make a final, gigantic effort to throw off the yoke of his rival.

"I have too long submitted to the interference of yonder proud race!" cried he. "What right have they to dictate through what lands I shall pass, or in what cities take up my abode? They have never ceased to interfere between me and my rights, and to snatch from me

the prisoners I have taken. All I ever asked of their king was to let me alone."

After raging up and down for a season in this belligerent mood, King Dust began to take measures to raise such an army as had never been seen before. He went about in person, making speeches, and stirring up a spirit of strife; misrepresenting here and exaggerating there, until he had fired many a heart, and excited many a latent ambition. He proposed, first of all, to declare war against the King of Cloud-Land, and secondly, after subduing that monarch, to establish a new kingdom, whose corner-stone should be a dungeon, and whose banner should be a black flag. It was not difficult to enlist troops in such an enterprise, and recruiting went on briskly.

The daily journals sustained King Dust with unflinching devotion. They maintained that Cloud-Land would soon be destroyed, with all its hosts. To be sure, they contradicted on one day the assertions of the previous one; but vanity is pleasing, and their readers were well content with the food provided them. It was said that the Cloud-Landers wouldn't fight. It was further stated that they would run away. And that if they did fight, and did not run away, they would be dreadfully whipped. Then, as Cloud-Land began to assume a martial air, the times were full of omens, and the heavens black with prophetic ruin. It was said that new and unheard-of weapons were forging in that land, and that nothing short of the annihilation of King Dust and his army would satisfy the rapacity of the King of Cloud-Land and his blood-thirsty crew. And it is true, that fearful sounds, as of forge and hammer, were heard in the air, and that the beautiful land, so peaceful and serene, was now the scene of warlike activity.

It had been decided, after a council of war, that the King of Dust must be overwhelmed and brought to terms, and if necessary, swept, with his army, from the face of the earth. Hence, preparations for battle were carried on with vigor, yet without excitement or confusion. Dispatches were sent from one end of the

kingdom to the other; and these dispatches were couched in terrible language, for the king knew the justice of his cause, and issued his orders in a spirit of righteous indignation. His people received his messages with acclamations, and as they were borne from point to point, the enemy heard the sound thereof in the distance, and fancied it the voice of ten thousand thunders, and the rattling of all the artillery in the universe. King Dust perceived that the war now about to be waged against him was eminently a war of the people, and that they were rising against him in all their majesty. He felt himself tremble and falter, as casting his eye upward he saw the hitherto smiling land of his enemy, lowering and frowning upon him; every fortress swarming with foes, and every battlement black with mail-clad warriors.

But it was now too late for fears and vain regrets. The battle must be fought, and if possible, a victory must be won. Now there was a certain Prince, called Prince Whirlwind, who had made to himself a name in the world, by certain deeds of daring, and King Dust determined to seek him out, and to make him Commander-in-Chief of his army. This, however, it was not easy to do. An individual so erratic in character, seldom abides long in one place. However, special couriers were dispatched in all directions in pursuit of him, and were at last successful in their mission; for one day he came bustling into camp, and declared himself both ready and willing to bring all the powers of his mighty intellect into the service of so august a monarch. He began at once to reorganize the army in defiance of all military rule and precedent, and when King Dust remonstrated, pronounced himself of an order of mind too superior for ordinary operations; in short, a genius, whose combinations must needs be most startling and original. Maps of the enemy's country he refused to study; neither would he listen to the reports of the spies who had been sent to learn the exact state of things in Cloud-Land. He declared himself perfect master of the situation, and of the whole art of war.

Notwithstanding all this high-flown language, he made constant change of plan. One day he had arranged to lay siege to Cloud-Land, and cut it off from supplies. The next day it was to be carried by assault, its fortresses demolished, and its towers laid low. At length, finding the army becoming demoralized by these long delays, he issued marching orders, and displaying the black flag, set his impatient troops in motion. His straggling masses toiled over many a hill and dale, and climbed many a mountain side, while thousands perished in morasses and in pitfalls, or were taken prisoners by squads of the enemy, who were foraging in the regions they were traversing. Prince Whirlwind paid little heed to these losses, but rushed onward with breathless haste, until the point of attack was reached. Here he encamped, on a vast plain, and refreshed his weary troops by a full view of the formidable land it was to attack.

The view proved quite the reverse of refreshing to the undisciplined army. Not a few of the officers threw up their commissions, refusing to expose their ranks to the certain destruction awaiting them. Remonstrance and mutiny were alike lost on the mad Prince, and on a hot and sultry day, when scarce a breath of air was stirring, and without precaution or method, he suddenly formed the whole army into a single column, and rushed to the assault. Calling recklessness courage, and cheering his troops by word and gesture, the boasting hero sent the first division forward with great pomp and circumstance. It was immediately lost sight of, however, in a dense fog, which suddenly enveloped it, and concealed the advancing army of Cloud-Landers. The fog suddenly lifting, revealed the luckless troops struggling vainly against an overpowering force, by which they were completely surrounded.

"Company by company, troop by troop, so measured in their unity of motion, that the whole heaven seemed to roll with them," the army of Cloud-Land came marching on. Their well-disciplined ranks never wavered. Down the mountain

side they poured a merciless, steady volley, amid flashes of fire and the roar of cannon, and shouts of victory. Prince Whirlwind was the first to lose his presence of mind, and to scatter his own army in disgraceful flight. Rushing hither and thither, wheeling, revolving in aimless gyrations, he involved his columns in inextricable confusion. Officers and men were mixed together in common ignominy, and took flight together on the wings of the wind.

The ground was left covered with the slain, and the rout and destruction of the great army of the King of Dust was complete. That unhappy being having watched the affray from a point of safety, now seeing that all was lost, gathered around him a handful of his adherents, and fled for refuge to foreign shores, and was never heard of more, though some believe that he still exists in the person of the King of Mud.

This great battle being thus ended, peace was soon restored in Cloud-Land. The King of Day came forth in unusual pomp and magnificence to congratulate it on this splendid achievement. Though he had remained professedly neutral during the continuance of hostilities, it had been whispered that through his aid and comfort, King Dust had repeatedly recovered himself after previous contests. Be that as it may, he now came forth boldly on the side of the conquerors, and was received by them with magnanimity. Cloud-Land arrayed itself in its most beautiful garments; in holiday robes of purple and crimson, and gold and scarlet.

The King himself sat upon a throne of burnished silver, while his feet rested on the seven-hued bow, whose graceful arch spanned earth and heaven, uniting them thenceforth in peaceful compact. The at-

mosphere seemed purified as of a dead weight, and once more from every tower, and fortress, and battlement, the white flag floated in renewed splendor and beauty.

The city of Good Housewives likewise kept holiday. Its motto had always been: "Cleanliness is next to godliness." And now were they not clean indeed? They might give all their brooms and brushes to the witches, provided there are any witches; they might cease from that time-honored but onerous custom called "house-cleaning;" yea, they might now find time to improve their minds, and attend to their husbands and children.

As for the Land of Flowers, it was radiant in gladness and beauty. Cloud-Land itself was hardly more lovely than the variegated landscape on which it looked down. For here were all its own gay colors in mimic grace; masses of purple and violet, of azure and of gold; the flush of the palest rose and the conflagration of flaming red; and smiling in purest contrast to their warmth and ardor, fields of spotless white, emblems of like innocence with the snowy flag of Cloud-Land. The gentle Queen of this fairy-like land wandered in silent ecstasy from flower to flower, from green leaflet to budding twig and blossom, and bade her fields to rejoice and to clap their hands, since their enemy had been conquered and driven to the ends of the earth, and could make assault on them no more. And she went about all over the land, setting the captives free, raising up the fallen, and cheering the faint and weary. And all Cloud-Land, looking down on these peaceful scenes, rejoiced in the battle it had fought, the good it had done, and the peace it had won for ever and a day.

GUIZOT'S MEDITATIONS.*

IN the perennial conflict of Christianity with unbelief, the Christian faith has uniformly produced a succession of able defenders, who, in learning, genius, and polemic skill have thus far proved more than a match for their opponents. While the elements of the contest have been everywhere the same, in its form the attack has changed with the philosophy and exigencies of the times. Each new age is accordingly called upon to prepare new weapons and methods of defense, corresponding with the nature of the assault; just as much as each new and great campaign brings out new means and methods in military science and the art of war. There have been in the history of the Christian church four chief periods into which the history of the defense of Christianity may be divided. In all of them, the central point of attack and defense has of course been, the claim of the Christian system to be a revelation from God, and the final and perfect form of religion for mankind. In all ages, the conflict is necessarily between supernaturalism and some form of naturalism or rationalism. The differences of these four periods have been determined by the characteristics of each epoch, yet chiefly by its philosophical tendencies. In the second century, Christianity defended itself against both Judaism and Paganism, and came off victorious not only over these religions, but also over the popular philosophy of the Roman world, which in Epicureanism favored sensuality, and in Stoicism fostered indifference. In the fourth and fifth centuries, the Neo-Platonic system concentrated all the resources of ancient learning, speculation, and superstition in a combined and powerful attack upon Christianity; and the discomfiture of this assault left the vantage-ground to the Christian faith for a period of a thou-

sand years. Next came the third stadium, running through the eighteenth century, in which, on the basis of the sensual philosophy, the English deism tried to root out all faith in a special revelation, while the French atheism undermined the foundations of religion itself. And, finally, the present century has seen the rise and growth of the German pantheistic system, the most comprehensive and subtle of all the foes of Christianity. It sprung from a one-sided idealism in philosophy, and so it is in its essence the opposite of materialism; while it is equally opposed to all the main postulates and doctrines of the Christian faith. The two here go hand in hand. Positive philosophy and pantheistic speculations are now making a combined onset upon the bulwarks of our faith. We stand in the midst of this conflict. Materialism, pantheism, and Christianity — between these three we must choose. Each claims to solve the problems of human destiny. Which does this most fully and decisively?

The chief value of M. Guizot's *Meditations* is found in his clear perception of the elements of this conflict, and in the wise and thoughtful way in which he pursues his inquiries. He is neither a dictator nor a polemic, but a candid inquirer. Every one in reading him feels that the author has no personal interest to serve, but that he is anxious only to find a solid basis of truth, and some reasonable answer to the great questions and problems which force themselves upon every reflecting mind. His work is not distinguished for learning or for acuteness; it is the product of a statesman, a historian, a thinker of wide and generous views, a man trained in the highest literary culture, rather than of a metaphysician or a theologian. It shows us how these great questions present themselves

* *Meditations on the Essence of Christianity, and on the Religious Questions of the Day.* By M. Guizot. Translated from the French. New-York: Scribner & Co. 1865. Pp. 356.

to one who has passed through the great strife of life with unblemished honor, who has known men and society in all their phases, who has studied the history of mankind with a calm and equal eye, and who in his own experience has found rest and strength in the Christian faith. A sharper metaphysical training would have led him to define more rigorously his own principles and the views of his opponents; a professional theological culture would have kept him from certain needless concessions, for example, on the subject of inspiration, as Dr. Tayler Lewis so well shows in a note at the close of this volume; but then, in technical study, he might have lost sight of those broad and convincing grounds on which he so admirably places his main argument. He writes for a certain audience—those scholars and thinking men, who are disposed to reject Christianity on general presumptions, rather than on the score of specific criticisms. And he undoubtedly presents the argument for Christianity quite as fully, candidly, and acutely as men of this class can frame the argument against it.

His whole work is to consist of four volumes: the first, on the essence of the Christian religion; the second, on its history; the third, on its present state in contrast with its foes; the fourth, on its future destiny. Only the first has as yet been published.

The central and strong point of this first volume is found in a position, which we have not elsewhere seen so well stated, or so fully carried out, and which goes to the very heart of the matter. It is this: That in the cardinal doctrines of the Christian faith we find the best solution of the main problems of natural religion. Thus he says: (p. 40) "For myself, arrived at the term of a long life, one of labor, of reflection, and of trials—of trials in thought as well as in action—I am convinced that the Christian dogmas are the legitimate and satisfactory solutions of those religious problems which, as I have said, nature suggests and man carries in his own heart, and from which he can not escape." In pursuing this argument, he takes up only the dogmas com-

mon to all the great historic communions, which he sums up thus: "Creation, Providence, Original Sin, the Incarnation, and Redemption. These constitute the essence of the Christian religion, and all who believe in these doctrines I hold to be Christians." One common characteristic of them all is, that they "deal frankly with the religious problems natural to and inherent in man, and offer at once the solution." Thus, the doctrine of Creation solves the problem of the existence of God and his relation to the world; the doctrine of Providence explains and justifies prayer; that of Original Sin accounts for the evil and disorder in the world; while those of Incarnation and Redemption show how man is to be rescued from sin and attain unto another and higher life. And this is the whole system, "grand, complete, well-connected, and forcible; it answers to the requirements of the human soul, removes the burden which oppresses it, imparts the strength which it needs, and the satisfaction to which it aspires."

This position is the key-stone of the argument of the volume, and it seems to us to be worthy of more careful attention than has been given to it by the critics of M. Guizot. It is in the vein of Pascal's *Thoughts*, where perhaps its germ may be found, though the latter does not put it in so definite a formula. Without going into the particular arguments by which the author illustrates each of these doctrines, we add a few considerations to show the force of the general line of thought.

Every great system that sways mankind has, and must have, its problems, its principles, and its method. The principles give us the elements of the system; the problems show us the end it is to reach; while the method indicates in what way its principles are to be applied to realize its ends. And in every consistent scheme, these three must work together so as to form one whole.

Both philosophy and religion have the same great ultimate problems. There is here no difference. These problems are found in the attempt to explain man's na-

ture and destiny, especially in his relation to God, or to the infinite and absolute Being. And that will manifestly be the best and highest system for man, which so explains human nature and destiny as to be best adapted to the permanent wants of the human mind and heart, and to the great ends for which man has been ever striving. What man most needs is *wisdom*; not theory, not even an articulate system, demonstrated after the manner of mathematics; but those principles and that method which will best enable him to realize the great end of his being. Wisdom is not speculation; it is a practical habit; it combines both intellectual and moral elements. It seeks to realize the best end in the best way. It wants a system adapted to the whole of human nature.

What, then, are the great problems of human life, as attested by consciousness, by conscience, and by the testimony of history? They are, first, our natural relation to the infinite and absolute Being, from whom all that is relative and finite proceeds: second, our moral relation to that Being, whether the relation be moral, as well as natural, and in what this morality consists: third, the state of human nature as judged by a moral law, a state of sin and evil, as attested by the facts of the past and the voice of conscience: fourth, the possibility of divine intervention for man's rescue, of a reünion of the infinite and finite: fifth, such a reünion as will allow of the pardon of man's sins and his restoration to divine favor: sixth, the continuance and completion of human destiny in a future and eternal state.

Such are the problems which even natural reason and religion suggest, but for which they can find no solution. For reason can only state the problems which revelation solves; and this indicates the fundamental relation of the two. And these problems, we claim, are fairly and fully met in the Christian system, and in

no other; and therefore is the Christian faith the highest and best system for man.

It is, too, a characteristic of the two great systems, the materialistic and the pantheistic, which are now arraying themselves against Christianity, that they *ignore* or *deny* these problems. It is the striking characteristic of the Christian faith, that it grants the validity of each one of these inquiries, and for each and all has a definite response, and a response adapted to the elevation and perfection of human nature. The solution of the first problem, it finds in the idea of a personal God, the Creator of the world; that of the second, in viewing God as administering providence, for moral ends, under the guidance of a universal moral law; the third, it sums up in the facts of human sinfulness, both original and actual; while the incarnation shows how God and man can be reünited, and the atonement reveals the way of pardon and justification, thus meeting the fourth and fifth problems; and in the doctrine of the life everlasting, the whole series of problems is summed up and completed.

We can, of course, here only hint at the main line of argument so as to show its bearings, substantially in accordance with the views of M. Guizot, though differing in some particulars. This general position might fitly be expanded, as a part of the argument, on internal or philosophical grounds, for the defense of the Christian faith. The reflections of Guizot on several of these topics are worthy of profound consideration. And we gladly commend them to the thoughtful heed of our readers, not forgetting, however, that they can be fully appreciated only by those who, in their inmost experience, have felt the power and consolation of the Christian. For, after all, as Picus of Mirandula so admirably said: "Philosophy seeks, theology finds, but religion has, the truth."

DROWNED.

" 'DEAD'?—did you say he was 'dead'? or is it only my brain?

He went away an hour ago: will he not come again?

'Dead'? 'Fallen over the cliff into the sea below'?

Say it over again—I can not believe that, you know.

I'm sure it can't be true—I will not believe it is he.

Oh, no! he just said 'good-by'—he can't be dead in the sea!

'He is'? you are 'sure he is'—Do you come to say this *to me*?

I will run down to the beach and hear what the fishermen say;

They are always about in the daytime, always about in the bay.

You think I had better not go—it may be 'too much for my head';

If that is what you think, why did you say he is dead?

What can be worse to bear? there can't be a harder blow—

Say it over again, for I can not believe, you know."

Down, down to the beach in her hurrying haste she flew;

Down, down to the beach among all the people she knew.

They were standing about in groups—fishermen, boatmen, boys—

Quite a crowd of them there, but not the slightest noise.

Not a sound to be heard; she might have been there alone;

Not a sound to be heard but the ocean's heaving moan.

She ran among them there; they looked when they saw her come—

They looked from man to man, but every tongue was dumb.

Then an old man took her hand and laid it between his two—

His hands so broad and brown, and said: "My dear, is it you?

And why do you come down here? you are better away, my child."

She knew the sailor well, she looked up in his face, and smiled.

"Why do I come? I came—I can hardly tell why," she said;

"But young Mr. Stephens came and told me Charles was dead.

You know who I mean," she said, "you have often seen him with me,

And I don't believe any harm could happen to such as he.

And since we parted—why, it's not more than an hour ago;

You have been here all the day, you are always here I know."

The old man looked in her eyes—they were full of the light of love;

He looked at her tiny hand—he looked at the heaven above:

"O God!" he slowly said—for he spoke as in terrible pain—

"O God! who shall heal the hurt of this poor young heart again?

My child"—he said no more, but looked in her face with a stare—

She saw in that look the truth, and sunk on the sea-beach there.

"Thank God!" he said, for just then they were bearing her lover home,

Her lover bruised by the cliff, and wet with the salt-sea foam.

The poor child lay on the beach unconscious of all around;

She heard not the old man's words, nor the heavy muffled sound

Of the fishermen's tramping feet as they bore her lover by—

Her lover—an hour ago, so handsome, so young—to die!

Alas! when she shall awake from her heavy, death-like swoon,

Awake to her sorrow again, will it not seem too soon?

Too soon to know she must live through weary, weary days,

The light gone out of her life, the purpose from all her ways;

And night after night must lie down to know she shall not sleep,

But with her grief, through the hours, a wearisome vigil keep;

Must touch the books he touched, see the songs he used to sing,

And press, with anguished heart, his pretty plighting ring:

Must look and watch at the window as if he would come once more,

Her bright, her darling Charlie, dead on the cold sea-shore!

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT.

"Who is that chap in blue, who is always hanging around Grant's tannery?" asked a new-comer at Galena, of an old resident.

"The short fellow with a cigar in his mouth, do you mean?"

"Yes; he is constantly smoking, and walks up and down without speaking to any body."

"Oh! that is Grant's brother; don't you know him?"

Such was the standing and the fame of ULYSSES S. GRANT before the breaking out of the rebellion. He was the brother of Grant the tanner; and but for the summons of Fort Sumter requiring him to take up anew his cast-off vocation of soldiering, his grand military genius, his indomitable energy, and his heroic patriotism would have lain hidden under his slouched hat, in the smoke of his own tobacco, or would have been expended upon the strategy of improving the sidewalks of Galena. He was not without consideration, indeed, from those who knew that he had been educated at West-Point, and had served with distinction in the Mexican war; and among familiars he was still addressed as "Captain." But he had resigned his commission years before; and military services and titles were at a discount in comparison with farming and mining, the great staples of prosperity in the West. Grant had tried farming in north-western Missouri, with but indifferent success, and had now fallen back for a livelihood upon the family trade of tanning—in which, however, his progress toward financial independence was hardly more promising.

Rumor has attached to his name at this period, a habit of self-indulgence which is inimical to industry and thrift, and fatal to character. It is difficult to ascertain the precise truth with regard to the private personal habits of men who have become distinguished in public affairs. The tongue of slander is busy against them,

and on the other hand, a zealous partisanship is forward to magnify their virtues, and to cover or deny their faults. No charge is more common against our generals and our prominent civilians than that of intemperance; and it is far easier to start such an accusation, and to gain credence for it in the public mind, than to disprove it by competent and available testimony. In the early stages of the war, the ready solution of a defeat to the Union arms was the intoxication of the commanding general; and when the battle of Pittsburgh Landing wavered between defeat and victory, the rumor spread over the land, that the peril of the second day was owing to the General's free indulgence in whisky. Influences were used at Washington to have Grant displaced from his command; but the witty reply of President Lincoln after the victory at Corinth—"I wish that all the generals would drink Grant's whisky"—showed how little credit he gave to the story. And General Sherman said, in his humorous way, "Grant stood by me in my 'insanity,' and I stand by Grant in his drunkenness;" by which he intended to convey the impression that he no more believed that Grant was a drunkard than he believed himself to be insane. A careful sifting of evidence upon this point leaves it probable that like too many army officers, Captain Grant was a convivial drinker, and was sometimes betrayed into inebriety. Whether from this cause, or from the natural inaptitude for civil pursuits, of one trained in the school of arms, he seems to have led a somewhat aimless and shiftless life, in the interval between the closing up of his first military record and the opening of the war of the rebellion. It is said that when he received his commission as Colonel of the Twenty-first Regiment of Illinois Infantry, he had not the means of providing himself with a horse and accoutrements, and that the note that he gave for their purchase was suffered to go to protest,

because the paymaster did not come around in time for him to meet his obligation! The qualities that he has exhibited as a general argue that he could never have been an habitual drunkard; nor could he have broken either his physical constitution or his force of will by indulgence in drink. But whatever may have been his antecedents in this respect, it is certain that during the war he has been a model of self-control, and that his personal example and influence have been decidedly upon the side of temperance.

Grant was brought up in the school of manly toil and honesty; and in the combined occupations of the farm and the tannery, he formed habits of industry and of perseverance, and acquired powers of endurance, which have served him well in the vast and complicated labors of his military campaigns. How marvelous and how instructive the providences that had prepared for the service of the nation in the most arduous and critical period of its history, that trio whose names shall hereafter be grouped for the incitement of American youth, and for the honor of democratic institutions—the pioneer-boy, the tailor-boy, and the tanner-boy!

As a school-boy, Ulysses exhibited a dogged perseverance that served him instead of the quickness of genius; and when, through the favor of Hon. T. L. Hamer, he was nominated to a cadetship at West-Point, this quality of mind enabled him to master the severe mathematical discipline of the Academy. Having passed the examination successfully, he wrote to his father: "I don't expect to make very fast progress; but I shall try to hold on to what I get." That faculty of holding on to what he got never deserted him; and proved indeed the main stay of the country in the last year of the war. His thoroughness of application secured for young Grant an honorable standing in his class in the Academy. Immediately upon graduating, in 1843, when he was barely twenty-one years of age, he was commissioned, by brevet, second lieutenant of infantry, and was dispatched to Missouri, whose frontiers were disturbed by roving bands of Indians.

VOL. I.—17

Soon after, the war with Mexico, originating in Texas, opened to him the field of military adventure. He fought under General Taylor at Palo Alto, at Resaca de la Palma, and at Monterey; and marched with the victorious Scott from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. In every battle, Lieutenant Grant won such distinction for usefulness and bravery as was within the reach of a junior officer; and at the close of the Mexican war he was made captain, by brevet, in the regular army. Young as he was, he exhibited a remarkable combination of coolness, skill, and courage. His bravery was the more noticeable because he coveted exposure when he might have shielded himself with honor. His practical sense, his method and energy, had caused him to be selected as regimental quartermaster, upon the march from Vera Cruz to the interior—a valuable training in the art of logistics, of which he has proved himself master upon so grand a scale. But he would not suffer the duties of this department to detain him from the field. He wrote to his parents: "I do not mean you shall ever hear of my shirking my duty in battle. My new post of quartermaster is considered to afford an officer an opportunity to be relieved from fighting, but I do not, and can not see it in that light. You have always taught me that the post of danger is the post of duty." Then, quoting Warren's memorable reply to Putnam, who had proposed sending him to a place of safety—"Send me where the fight may be the hottest, for there I can do the most good to my country;" the young hero added: "So I feel in my position as quartermaster. I do not intend it shall keep me from fighting for our dear old flag, when the hour of battle comes."

After the Mexican war, Captain Grant was sent to the Pacific coast, where he remained for several years in garrison duty; but growing weary of this dull routine, he resigned his commission in 1854, and returning to Missouri, he settled down as a plain farmer, in St. Louis county. He gradually dropped his associations with military life, and the opening

of the war, as we have seen, found him in Galena at his old trade, but known familiarly as the tanner's brother. The sound of war, however, and especially of war in defense of the nation's life, broke his almost sluggish quietude, and roused within him more than the fire of his Mexican campaign, in the flaming zeal of patriotism. He felt that he owed his country the military skill and training she had given him, and he was prompt to lay these at her feet. Commissioned by Governor Yates to recruit volunteers for the quota of the State of Illinois, he received a colonelcy as the reward of his success, and with his well-drilled regiment he was soon in active service in Missouri. Once in the field, Colonel Grant well knew how to make his way; yet the rapidity of his promotion must have surprised himself no less than the development of his military genius amazed and dazzled the public.

It would be quite superfluous to follow in detail the battles of General Grant from the brilliant victories of Forts Henry and Donelson, which emblazoned his name beside that of Admiral Foote, to the magnificent sweep of his campaign through the "Wilderness," from the Potomac to the James, which ended at last in the capture of Richmond, and of the principal army of the rebellion. Every body knows the story of the news-boy who was selling the "Life of General Grant" in a car where Grant himself was sitting. Being pointed to the General, by a waggish officer, as a probable customer, the boy was surprised at Grant's asking him, "Whom is all this story about?" "Well," said he, turning away in contempt, "you must be a *greeny*, if you don't know who General Grant is." If any reader of *HOURS AT HOME* does not know who was the hero of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson; of Pittsburgh Landing, Corinth, and Iuka; of Vicksburgh and Chattanooga, with the adjacent heights of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain; of the Wilderness, Petersburg, and Richmond—we must leave him to apply the story! Our purpose is not to fight over upon paper the campaigns of General

Grant, but briefly to indicate the salient qualities of the General himself.

The thoroughness with which he mastered the situation, and the sagacity and boldness with which he took advantage of the critical opportunity, were first conspicuous at Fort Donelson. By a series of skillful and rapid maneuvers he had completely invested the fort, and had gained command of the enemy's principal positions. Just as he was preparing his combinations for a grand assault, word was brought from the front that the enemy was about to assume the offensive, and a prisoner was sent to the General's headquarters to confirm the report. Instead of interrogating the man, Grant examined his haversack, and finding it well stocked with rations, decided that Buckner was preparing to evacuate the fort. He at once ordered the assault, and before night held the fort so securely in his grip that the rebel General sent a flag of truce proposing an armistice for terms of capitulation. Grant's quick reply was, "No terms other than an immediate and unconditional surrender can be accepted. I propose to move immediately on your works;" and in a little time the flag of the Union was waving over the entire fort.

His confidence in his chosen position and resources, and the superiority of his will to any emergency or disaster, were strikingly exhibited at Shiloh, where, in disregard of tactical precedents, he placed himself between the enemy and the banks of the Tennessee. When asked how he could have retreated, if beaten, he replied: "I didn't mean to be beaten; and besides, there were transports ready to carry us across the river." When reminded that the transports could only have carried one fifth of his army, Grant quickly rejoined: "There was transportation enough for all that would have been left of us." In the judgment of some, the fortunate turn of the day barely saved him from severe military censure, for his hazardous disposition of his command. But was not the fact that he had staked all deliberately upon one blow, the key to his success? "The difference between

Grant and myself," said General Sherman, "is this: I fear no danger that I can see; and Grant fears none that he *can't* see." His courage was always self-contained. As he himself once said, after the explosion of a shell near his tent had scattered his staff, who returned to find him quietly smoking: "A military man should never get excited."

To these qualities of thoroughness, boldness, and confidence, must be added that tenacity of purpose which first impressed itself upon the country in the siege of Vicksburgh, and whose success against the citadel of the Mississippi inspired the country with hope and patience during the protracted siege of Petersburg and Richmond. It was there that he illustrated his school-boy maxim to "hold on to what he got."

At Chattanooga he redeemed our army from the demoralization of despair; and there also he displayed the vastness of his grasp in strategy—the power of combining upon a broad scale, movements converging toward one end, with the certainty of success through the careful adjustment of parts, and by boldness at the moment of opportunity. He was months in maturing his plan for dislodging the enemy from the mountain fastnesses around Chattanooga, and in bringing up his own supplies; but when the day for action arrived, his plan was at once so comprehensive and so minute that the result was almost a certainty of mathematical calculation. His strategy, as he himself defined it, consisted in "getting as near as possible to the enemy with the least necessary loss, and then going at him!" This strategy, so strikingly inaugurated at Chattanooga, was carried to perfection in General Grant's last campaign for what had proved the insoluble problem of the war—the capture of Richmond. His objective was not Richmond, but Lee's army; and his rapid and terrible blows upon that army, in the "Wilderness," with the determination to "fight it out upon that line," and to fight his battles "through," drove Lee into an attitude of sheer defense, from which he was never able to

recover himself. Having thus crippled Lee, Grant's one aim was to hold him until he could make sure of his entire army. He did not therefore move upon Richmond, as he might have done successfully, from the north, but striking at the key of Lee's supplies, he sat down calmly to await the results of Sherman's grand campaign in Georgia and the Carolinas, which was a part of his programme for the capture of Lee. And when at last, almost at the appointed day, General Sherman had fulfilled his task of cutting off at once Lee's supplies and his retreat, when Sheridan had swept the Shenandoah, and Thomas held the mountain passes of Tennessee, then Grant struck the final blow, and in five days accomplished what he had been as many months in maturing. We know not whether most to admire, the terrible energy of the battles of the Wilderness, or the calm tenacity of the siege of Petersburg, or the comprehensive sweep of the Georgia flanking, or the rapid onslaught and pursuit at the last; but in the combination of qualities here presented, we have beyond dispute the greatest general of the age.

General Grant has been favored in his subordinates: Sherman, Thomas, Sheridan, are names that will stand beside his own in history. But it is a part of his greatness that he knows how to choose his generals, and that he awards them all their just meed of praise.

A severe singleness of aim has marked the course of the Lieutenant-General. Not a line has he written, not a word has he spoken, that could be tortured to a political use. Indeed, he has not written nor spoken at all except upon topics connected with his official work, and then always in the fewest and simplest words. Neither the devices of New-York politicians, the temptations of New-York diners, nor the uproarious cries of New-York mobs, during his recent visit to this metropolis, could extort from him any thing beyond the expression of thanks.

His modesty is one of his chiefest virtues, relieving and adorning all the rest. We chanced to see General Grant upon

the floor of the United States Senate, where he seemed as much abashed in presence of civilians as a school-girl before an examining committee. When he had left, a Senator called attention to the fact that the Lieutenant-General wore fewer airs than a second lieutenant. But the people will not suffer his worth

to lie hid. General Grant is only in the prime of life. A kind Providence has thus far upheld him in his high position from folly and from fall. May he be kept secure in his wisdom, his patience, and his prowess, until the nation shall again demand his leadership, in the camp or in the state!

BRITISH SYMPATHY IN OUR AFFLICTION.

[We give this brief article from *Good Words*, for June, evidently from the pen of its editor, Dr. Norman Macleod, not only because of its intrinsic merit, but as evidence of the great and happy change of English feeling, in influential quarters, respecting this country. Such hearty and emphatic expressions of sympathy and of sentiment, even at this late hour, will go far to heal the breach between the two nations.—ED. HOURS AT HOME.]

WITHIN the last few weeks a common sorrow has been spread throughout our land, such as has never befallen it since the day when England's Prince was stricken down in the fullness of his manhood. And yet it is for no prince, noble, statesman, patriot, whom we have been accustomed to see among us, to look up to, or to follow. He never trod the soil of our islands; not one in many thousands among us ever saw his face. An ocean separated us from him; he ruled over another State. And yet, at such an hour as this, we feel that Abraham Lincoln was indeed bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—that the great race which reads the Bible in the same mother-tongue on both sides of the Atlantic, whatever differences of polity may separate its various factions, is yet but one people. Strange workings of a Hand mightier than man's! The pistol of an assassin—born, it would seem, of an English father on American soil—has done more to bring this country and America together than all the years which

have elapsed since a monarch's obstinacy tore them asunder. Oh! how blessedly different from those times of bitter fratricidal strife are these, when a widowed English Queen, anticipating the almost universal instinct of her people, could of her own accord address at once in her own hand to that other widow across the Atlantic the expression of her deep sympathy for the murder of the Chief Magistrate of the United States!

It were waste of time here to express horror at a crime which, taking it with all its circumstances, stands unexampled in political history. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Let us be content with awe to remember those words: "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord; I will repay." Yea, he will repay! The blood of the innocent was never shed before his eyes in vain. A deed as hideous as any, since that Carpenter who was the Son of God hung between heaven and earth on the slave's cross, has been perpetrated on his lowly follower, whom the Pharisees of this world mocked as a "rail-splitter," a "bargee," a "village attorney." He who is higher than the highest regardeth. The Judge of all the earth shall do right.

But God's vengeance is not as man's vengeance. His justice is shown by sparing the many guilty for the sake of the few righteous. His doom for sin was the sending of a Saviour. The revenge of martyrdom is never fulfilled but by the conversion of the world, which slew the martyrs, to the truths for which they bore

witness. Abraham Lincoln, freedom's last and greatest martyr, can only be avenged by the conversion to freedom of the slave-world. Already we have heard of the grief of Lee, of the tears of Ewell. Who can tell in how many bosoms horror of the crime will not ripen into abhorrence of the evil root from which it sprang? Who can tell how many gallant but hitherto misguided Southerners it will not rally to the cause of that Union which their fathers loved, worked for, fought for! By the thrill of sympathy which it has awakened amongst ourselves, may we not judge how much mightier should be that which it will awaken in men not only speaking the same language, but long united as one nation by a thousand ties of neighborhood, interest, kinship, fellow-help, and fellow-work? Take that simple record of Abraham Lincoln's last-recorded hour of statesmanship: "He spoke very kindly of Lee." Oh! what a revenge was there already by anticipation for Booth's pistol-shot, over all secessionists who bore yet a human heart within their bosom! And let us remember that it is not only an American that has fallen, but a Southerner born, a child of the slave State of Kentucky, and one who in youth had largely mingled with the men of the South, and worked for his bread among them; and that this it is which gave such weight to that testimony of his against slavery, which he has at last sealed with his blood. Let us rest assured, that to many a truly gentle and chivalrous heart at the South that blood will henceforth appeal in tones no longer to be resisted. Most remarkable is it indeed that the great witnesses for Union alike and for freedom have in America almost always been Southern men. Jefferson the Virginian gives for first utterance to American nationality that Declaration of Independence which proclaims the natural freedom and equality of all mankind; Washington, and the other great Virginian Presidents who follow him, establish the Union; Jackson, the South-Carolinian, with his Secretary of State, Livingston, of Louisiana, arrests for a while its destruction, when threatened by the hot-headed "Nul-

lificationists" of the South. And now, in the fullness of the time, the Kentuckian Lincoln spends his life in the earnest endeavor to restore the Union on the ground of universal freedom, leaving his high office and the fulfillment of his task to another Southerner, the North-Carolinian Andrew Johnson. Will not the South understand at last that secession is treason against its own purest glories, against the fair fame of its greatest men?

We indeed must see that the cause of that slave-power, which declared that slavery was to be the corner-stone of its government, has now melted away forever in the blood of its latest victims. Acquit, as we most willingly should, the leaders of secession of all complicity in the foul deed, yet it is the accursed spirit of slavery which spoke in the deed, in the words of the assassin. "Thus be it always to tyrants!" cried the frantic ruffian as he escaped across the stage, after having shot an unarmed man through the back of the head, by his wife's side, and in the midst of his countrymen. An utterance which would be ludicrous, if it were not ghastly—if it did not indicate that utter perversion of man's spirit which the mere tolerance of slavery engenders, making him call evil good and good evil, and to mistake for a tyrant the man whose proud privilege throughout all time shall be, that he proclaimed freedom to four millions of his fellow-men. What superstructure the corner-stone of slavery may bear, the whole world should see henceforth.

The great American people, could we have understood the facts of a struggle long shamefully misrepresented by a too large portion of our press, has been from the beginning, is doubly henceforth, entitled to our fullest sympathies whilst engaged in its present gigantic task of self-purification and self-reform. That God's blessing has rested upon it throughout that struggle—in the arts of peace and in the arts of war—in the reverses which it has known how to bear, and in the triumphs which it has known how to wait for, and when achieved, how to use—in the valor of its generals, in the wisdom and gentle-

ness of its rulers—above all, in the steadfast self-devotion of its masses, we can not doubt. The clash of warfare may be well-nigh over, but a vast work yet remains to be done. Let us hope and pray that it may be worthily fulfilled, and that upon a basis of large forgiveness for the errors of the past, but at the same time of equal rights and equal duties for all classes of citizens of whatever color, a renewed Union may be built up, free from many of the political imperfections of the old, more truly worthy of the admiration of the world; and that the name of Lincoln may inaugurate a series of rulers, who shall endear themselves even more to their countrymen than Washington and his great cotemporaries did to their forefathers.

To the martyred President, such a Union will be the only true earthly monument; to his bereaved family, it will be the highest earthly consolation. *He* stands

far above all puny pity of ours. That Lord whom he acknowledged in all his acts, and in none more signally than in that second Inaugural Message of his—one of the noblest state papers, because one of the lowliest that ever dropped from the pen of an earthly ruler—has called him to himself. Shall we rebel, and say that it was too soon? It was written: "When the fruit is brought forth, IMMEDIATELY he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." Immediately—whether that sickle take the shape of disease, or old age, or accident, or the assassin's pistol-shot; immediately—for the Lord of the harvest knows without fail when the fruit is brought forth. Let us rest assured that for that brave and gentle spirit the suddenness of death had no terrors, and that to the voice of him who is saying forever, "Surely I come quickly," his only answer would be: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

THE ROMANCE OF FLOWERS.

CHAPTER I.

I.

A MAN, reputed wise, was once asked in a garden: "Do you like flowers?" "No," said he; "I seldom find time to descend to the little things." He betrayed a descent, in his speech, to the pithole of ignorance.

"Oh! would some power the giftie gie ye
To see yourselves as others see ye,
It would frae mony a blunder free ye."

Flowers, sweet flowers! he that loves them not should be classed with "the man that hath not music in his soul," as a dangerous member of the community.

A simple flower, which seems to the unenlightened so trivial, is to the botanist a theme for thought, for it is the living principle of that mighty chain of vegetation which encircles our globe. That slight blossom of bright colors and fragrance is referred by the eye of science to its precise place in the vast creation.

On its leaves, as in a book, may be read by him to whom study has familiarized the language, the wisdom of Him who formed it. In that frail and apparently inactive stem are carried on processes of secretion and transformation which man's nicest chemistry never reaches. Its entire organization, how perfect! Its capabilities and habits, how entirely in accordance with its situation! while it consummates its excellence by folding within itself, in a seed, powers of reproduction which secure a succession of the beautiful.

When the Deity bestowed those senses which preserve the lives of others, as well as our own, these ends might have been accomplished without any of those arrangements which now constitute them sources of pleasure. There might have been no loveliness for the eye, no fragrance, no musical sounds; these are all added by his benevolence; and not to

appreciate them highly is to slight his gifts. To the gratification of two of these senses, seeing and smelling, flowers contribute largely. How this is physically accomplished, was once, long ago, a question discussed; but such speculations have been long abandoned as unfathomable; truths more nearly connected with human agency, and more important to human actions, have been profitably and rapidly unfolded. The phenomena of the visible universe have been, for practical purposes, closely observed; and plants, from their magnitude and value, have had a large share of these investigations. Humboldt says: "The mass of vegetation on the earth far exceeds that of all living animal organization."

That the surpassing beauty of flowers is a provision for man's happiness over and above his necessities, is seen from the fact that the cereals upon which he relies for subsistence are not of those renowned for their beautiful blossoms. The varieties of grain, and the grasses, have flowers so humble and inconspicuous as scarcely to be noticed except by the scientific observer; even the fruit-trees of the temperate zones yield their treasures from blossoms comparatively insignificant and scentless.

But mark the gorgeous array, in what may be called the decorations of our planet, in that wealth of beauty which the Creator has adorned it with, to give us some thought, some faint image of

"The things of loveliness that lie
Beyond the azure of the sky."

Go to the flower-garden, or rather to that great flower-garden, the torrid zone. If we could take a survey of it from some point in air, what a display would there greet us! what glorious tints, what soft perfumes, from spots where cluster in rich abundance, in their native soil, those rainbow plants, of which we now possess only some solitary and inferior specimen in the green-house.

We should see, in that land which knows no winter, the coral-tree, with lofty stem and deep crimson blossoms, towering to the sky; and there too the

golden flowers of the mimosa, both surpassed, if possible, by the orange, scarlet, and white strelitzias. The crativa, rising forty and fifty feet high, perfumes the air, like anise, far around. Clumps of tamarind, with red and purple flowers on panicles two feet long, wave so flame-like in the sunlight, that, in Hindu fable, Puranus, the god of war, was born under its branches. There, too, the spicy chandan, the bignonia, the nauclea, odoriferous as new wine—but the list is endless! In rich festoons, from tree to tree, the vines trail their leaves and blossoms; up, far up to the top of the loftiest, that mighty climber, the banisteria, called in Bengal, "Delight of the Woods," spreads its flowery fragrance; the gigantic bamboo undulates like ocean waves in every breeze; and the golden orange with deep green leaves, and the queenly rose, and the omnipresent lily, mingle their sweets with the clove-tree and the nard. Cold is the heart which, from all this, looks not

"Through nature up to nature's God."

It is true that these plants, or rather many of them, furnish the natives with food and medicine, and are otherwise useful; but humble stamens and pistils would have continued the species, and all beyond them is "the dower of beauty."

In passing from the tropics toward the poles, vegetation, both in brilliancy of color and in height, deteriorates by a regular gradation. The luxurious vines which garland the equatorial forests are the first to disappear. The aromatic vanilla, and the beautiful passiflora, with a score equally lovely, give place now to the mosses and lichens better befitting the sturdy bark of trees of a colder zone. Palms and bananas are displaced by the oak, beech, bass, ash, and walnut; still farther north are the pine, the spruce, and the fir, with foliage peculiarly adapted to the snow and sleet and driving tempest of those hyperborean regions, till at last, even these cease to grow; the sunshine, whose scorching ray the tropical inhabitant shrinks from encountering,

here scarcely bestows warmth enough to perfect a seed ; man draws sustenance from his flocks and herds, which in their turn glean from the unfruitful earth but scanty supplies ; the dwarfish birch here and there spreads its gnarled and sturdy branches wide and stiff to resist the rude blasts of the polar winds ; the willow is brave which accomplishes a height of three feet, while the little junipers, yet more lowly, only skirt the streams. Even these grow more and more diminutive, and at last one by one disappear entirely. Endogens no longer fringe the icy waters ; the voices of singing-birds cease ; and the apparently lifeless landscape warns of the desolate regions of perpetual snow.

What has all this to do with flowers ? Much, as you shall see, or perhaps you know.

In all this extent of space and variety of configuration, the Almighty hand which created proceeded upon one plan, and impressed upon every blossom, from the equator to the pole, one feature : they *all* possess stamens and pistils. These (as is generally known) are the seedlike or filiform appendages in the center, so conspicuous in the lily, buttercup, and azalea. A flower, in scientific parlance, may or may not have a corolla—that is, the part so gayly tinted, the red of the rose, the waxen white or orange of the lily, the purple of the harebell ; it may or may not have a calyx—that is, the leaf or leaves which so carefully fold about the rosebud ; they may, and they do, by turns, lack both these ; but they *never* lack stamens and pistil.

Charles von Linnæus, a Swede, born in 1707, was the first to make this fact of practical use, although the possibility had been suggested before. He proposed by these organs to arrange the whole world of plants into twenty-four classes, according as their flowers possessed few or many of them, and also by their comparative length, and some other similar circumstances. This scheme of classification is now generally used in the Linnean system of the botanist.

II.

It would be a long story to give the names only of those who have devoted their energies to this branch of natural science, or of those who with less study have recorded their sincere worship of Flora. In plants, man finds his food, his shelter, his raiment, his medicine, the support of his flocks, his power of navigating the ocean. Couple with all this his flower-love, founded on that perception of beauty which is a part of his spiritual nature, and it is easy to see that from the earliest ages they must have been objects of interest.

History of the olden time (or what is usually accepted as history) gives but a faint idea of departed generations. It is made up of wars, victories, and defeats ; cities founded and destroyed ; ambition, cunning, and cruelty : but running all along parallel with this, was a current of domestic life, of peaceful pursuits, and doubtless of unobtrusive virtues, which never obtained fame. Existence was not all warlike—in the homes of the soldiers were men, women, and children, marvelously like the living. Many, even of those who are cited as types of statesmanship or military prowess, betray here and there, by some little private record or incidental remark, those deep social feelings, and that gentle love of nature, which warms us to them, soul to soul, over the lapse of time ; and we feel, after all, that humankind are one great brotherhood.

Cicero in public life was the orator, the mediator between Pompey and Cæsar, the fulminator of doom on Catiline ; but Cicero in his Tusculan villa, ten miles from the discord of Rome, or at Arpæa or Astura, was another person. Keenly susceptible of the pleasures of retirement, he dwells on them with the sincerity of his heart. In his gardens, surrounded by flowers, or in the little lonely island of Astura, in the Tyrrhenian Sea, he writes to Atticus : “ Nothing can be more delightful than this solitude ; no human being disturbs me ; and when early in the morning I retire to the leafy

recesses of some thick wood, I do not leave it until evening.”* Pliny, though addressing another portion of the Creator’s works, is animated with the same spirit when he says :

“Mecum tantum et cum libellis loquor !
O mare ! O littus ! quam multa invenitis,
quam multa dictatis !”

Three hundred and seventy years before Christ, when Greece was the theater of intrigue and bloodshed, Theophrastus, who was himself involved in the political troubles of his friends, found time to collect, and has transmitted to us, descriptions of some five hundred flowers, gathered within the boundaries of that peninsula. Alexander himself seems humanized in his Eastern foray, when we learn that in his progress from Kelone to the horse-pastures of Nysæa, he turned aside from his route two days’ journey, to visit the rose-gardens, described by Diodorus,† which had been planted by Semiramis. And farther, when he is depicted inhaling with delight the fragrant nard (grass) of Gerosia from the back of his elephant.

Kalidasa, one of the many poets most famous, who lived about fifty-six years before Christ, born in the East, the land of odoriferous beauty, sung of course of flowers. He wrote a long poem on the seasons ; the same subject which Thomson chose more than seventeen hundred years after him. He had what the Asiatic had not, opportunity for graphic description in the storms and desolations of winter ; but Kalidasa was more than compensated in a more glorious summer, painted with enthusiasm that can only be enkindled among the gorgeous exhibitions of the torrid zone.

How far woods and waters influenced St. Basil, and some others among the Christian fathers, in coming to the conclusion that it was more praiseworthy to live in solitude than do rough duty in the warfare of active life, man knoweth not. The reverence of religion is so

closely allied to the feelings impressed by the presence of great or beautiful natural objects, especially when science can bring to the disciplined mind *all* their perfections, that they glide into each other, and one almost understands the pantheism of the Greeks. However that may be, St. Basil’s account of his retreat is very inviting. We read that he was born in Cappadocia, renounced Athens and its charms at thirty years of age, and retired to a desert on the shore of the Armenian river Isis. Yet he writes of his “high mountain clothed with wood, a forest crowded with trees, a foaming river abounding in fish ;” and when he adds, “Shall I speak of the songs of the birds, or the rich luxuriancy of the sweet flowering plants ?” * we see the *pleasure* of solitude as well as the penance.

St. Gregory of Nyssa also dwells on “every ledge and rock covered with newborn verdure, the varied blossoms of the trees, and the lilies at my feet decked with the double charms of perfume and color,” and adds : “He who contemplates them with the eye of the soul, feels the littleness of man and the greatness of the universe.”†

Christopher Columbus, whose deeds are generally epitomized as having made three voyages and discovered America, enlarges in his letters, with depth of feeling and eloquence, upon the views which burst upon their astonished vision, as they trod the unknown shore. As they approached it in a southern latitude, their first impressions were of a kind to rate at its highest estimate the value of their discoveries. The land of promise lay before them in the gorgeous habiliments of a tropical landscape. Vines, fruits, flowers, and mighty trees, twisted and knotted together in an exuberance of foliage which might have spread beauty over half the African desert. His delight in all this must have been enhanced unconsciously by that shadowy proprietorship which a discoverer possesses in his discoveries, and the observations he

* Cic. Epis. ad Atticus, 12, 9.

† Diod. 11, 13.

* Basilii M. Epis. 14.

† S. Gregorii Nyssini, op. ed. Par. 1618.

made in his solitary wanderings among the palm-groves, which scientific explorers afterward confirmed, show how the smallest things had a charm to arrest his attention. It was from here he wrote to his royal mistress Isabella, and it seems almost in a tone of sadness: "The world is small, much smaller than people suppose."—"El mundo es poco; digo que el mundo, no es tan grande, como dice el vulgo."*

Such as these, and many more like them, have found in sweet communion with nature a rejuvenation of faculties exhausted in the turmoil and contention of life. The same struggle has brought to man in every age the same wounds and weariness; and he has, with like uniformity of purpose, sought solace in the same objects.

It seems incredible that in Christian lands, have lived those who saw in all this complication of perfect contrivances—this unfailing source of inborn happiness—only the vagaries of atoms, the vagueness of chance, without a plan, without a Master! And almost as incredible is it, that insensible ones now there be, innumerable, who have not the least desire to essay the possibility of enjoyments so vividly depicted by Pagan and Christian!

III.

Born child and savage love flowers, but not with *his* love, who loveth them understandingly. To be able to do this is a debt every one owes to his intellect; for in blind admiration, by how much is one above the child or savage?

The sacred books of the Hindus teach them that the human soul is a spark or emanation from the Great Supreme, and that this essence can only be renovated in man by a communion with his works. The general aversion of Oriental nations to anatomical exhibitions turned them from the animal kingdom to the starry heavens above, and the world of vegetation around them; consequently, an in-

timate acquaintance with these has always made a large part of the education of those higher classes destined by birth to learned pursuits.

The celebrated M. Von Reede, aware of this, availed himself of it, when (at that time Envoy from his government) he was making his Asiatic Herbal. He had the finest floral specimens brought him from remote parts of India and the provinces, and he employed several artists to delineate them; but he sought a farther advantage. He formed, he tells us, a little academy of Pundits, some fifteen or sixteen learned men from all parts of the country, who met, and to whom these plants were afterward submitted, and from whom he gained much information. This was generally given in verse from memory—texts which they had learned in youth, often rather in play than in study. Of some plants they quoted authorities from the most rare and ancient volumes, said to be three thousand years old, and these embodied their figure, qualities, growth, peculiar habits, etc.; and he assures us he found all the high classes familiar with this sort of learning.

To lure others to treasures so vaunted by saint and sage, to portray the resources they offer under most if not all the vexatious inflictions from external things uncontrollable; how quietly they shelter from the stormy passions of life; how small the contemplation of them makes to appear many of the sorrows of human life, might seem easy; but no, the loveliness of knowledge is to the untaught a sealed book.

They live in the great temple of nature, surrounded by works of skill and unapproachable perfection, forms exquisitely moulded, each fulfilling its destined purpose, yet they see of all this, nothing.

Talk of cunningly contrived machinery! O man! thou standest amidst machinery ever in motion, which has been moving since the world began, and will move on to its end, with never a pause, never a blunder!

Although lofty intellects have combined their energies to discover the laws which

* Letter from Jamaica, July seventh, 1503. Navarette *Coleccion de Viages*, t. 1, p. 300.

govern the existences of vegetation, it takes but a small amount of knowledge to comprehend their general operation. Yet small though it be, scarce worthy in its acquisition of being dignified with the name of study, how often is it wanting!

The literature of the day, forsaking truth for fiction, has not even kept that high pathway which might elevate and incite to high aims, by ideals of unspotted purity and mental perfection, all unreal though they might be; but the romancer now leads through a panorama of vice and crime, the degraded wrecks of man and womanhood, polluted images of their Maker! and the mind that follows his trail comes forth from it soiled and debased. Nor less evil, because vapid and enervating, is the fiction lacking these spicy condiments, because it supplants that which is more profitable. Yet with what eagerness the silly tale of untruth is seized and devoured, with its weak characters, its maudlin sentiment, its impossible adventures; while the volume which would enlighten and elevate thought, lies unsought for!

" Longe mea discrepat istis
Et vox et ratio."

Monsieur Necker says: "The whispers of winds, the music of waters, trees, and shrubs, would engage our minds, if we recognized on all sides the skill of Him who fashioned them. We seem then to hear the Supreme Intelligence and Eternal soul of all nature say to us: Go! admire these small portions of my works, and study them, and learn to love Him who bestowed them!"

"Oh! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields—
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields?
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of Even—
Oh! how canst thou renounce and hope to be forgiven?"

A RUN THROUGH CANADA.

ON a gloomy afternoon, rendered still more gloomy by the recollection of the previous week's rain—early in May of the present year, I found myself rapidly whirled along over the New-Haven Railroad northward. Through the long tunnel—over Williams Bridge—past the smiling villages of Mount Vernon and New-Rochelle—on, on we go. Night closed in on us shortly before reaching New-Haven, and when I woke next morning the sun was shedding his first bright rays over the roof and through the half-opened windows of the sleeping-car in the station-yard at Boston.

From Boston, Portland, just one hundred miles distant, is easily reached either by land or water. Following my nautical bent, I chose the latter route, and reach-

ed the Atlantic Wharf in that delightful city at an early hour next day. Portland is the principal eastern terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, and is a town of very considerable trade. An inspection of the spacious dock built to accommodate the Great Eastern steamship on her once anticipated voyage to these waters, and a visit to the fine new Town-Hall just completed in the upper part of the city, would no doubt well repay us for the trouble of visiting them; but the Montreal train is ready to start, and time presses.

The distance from Portland to Montreal or Quebec is three hundred miles, and the time spent in making it sixteen hours. After passing through the White Mountain country, the traveler can "stay

over" at Island Pond and partake of the delicious fish caught in its waters. If he is not fond of fish, he need not stay. A short distance north of the I. P. station you cross the Boundary-Line between Vermont and Canada—between Uncle Sam's possessions and those of Her Britannic Majesty. The spot is marked by a small red flag displayed at the corner of the station-house. The train comes to a halt just inside the line, and then moves slowly across it, as if feeling its way on to a foreign land. Just as the conductor announces "Boundary-Line!" a little old lady in spectacles and curls, bound for Coaticook, (pronounced as if composed of four syllables) causes quite a diversion in the car by bouncing up in her seat and exclaiming: "Bound'ry Line! hem! kinder on the fence between the Eunited States and Kenedy—heōw funny! I dew wunder ef they'll ever fight one another 'cross this ere line?" Leaving the old lady to pursue her speculations on the future relations between the two countries, we pursue our journey. At Richmond the railway divides, one line running to Montreal and Toronto in Canada West, the other and the shorter line to Quebec, and points on the Lower St. Lawrence. You need not hesitate which route to take. Journeying through a country, and visiting its objects of interest, I always think is very much like going to an exhibition of paintings or statuary. The best plan for the uninitiated traveler is to take his guide-book in his hand and see every thing in its turn. Entered from the east, Quebec may be said to be the gateway to Canada, and visitors will do well, I think, to go there first.

For every ten travelers there are at least fifty *caleches* waiting at the ferry-stairs where you land after crossing the St. Lawrence from Point Levi; so you need be at no loss for conveyance. Miracle of miracles! we have found an honest hackman at last. For twenty-five cents you may ride anywhere without danger of being knocked down by the driver; and for twice that sum, the lively little Canadian Carter will and you skill-

fully on the kerb, touch his hat, and exclaim: "*Merci Monsieur. Monsieur c'est bon ami. Merci! merci!*"

There is no lack of hotel accommodation in Quebec. Russell's is perhaps the largest and best kept of the public houses. This is strictly first-class, though in respect to either size or accommodation, hardly up to the standard of a second-class hotel in the States. Then there is O'Neill's, and one or two others, the names of which have escaped me, besides several club-houses. The last are patronized exclusively by the officers of the garrison and the younger male members of a few leading civilians, who affect an aristocratic manner quite foreign to them, and *wob-b-b-le* their words out like milor Dundreary. We have a cheap imitation of the same spurious article in New-York, though, as is usual in such cases, they suffer in comparison with their British counterparts over the line.

The neighborhood of Quebec abounds with pretty drives—hard, dry, macadamized roads, hemmed in on either side by small flower-gardens, with well-trimmed hedges and substantial stone walls. The toll-gates are vexatiously numerous, but then you pass them but once on your day's drive, and the cheapness of your livery reconciles you to even this infliction.

A very comfortable way of "doing" a walking tour in a country which, though not quite so expansive as it is south of the St. Lawrence, is nevertheless a land of magnificent distances, is to hire a *cariole* (pronounced *carry-all*) which will hold four, without crinoline, comfortably enough. I can recommend future travelers to do as we did, go to Driscoll's, just out of the Place d'Armes, near the Music Hall. He, most kindly of horse-dealers, will for four dollars a day intrust you with a handsome carriage and pair of horses, warranted to go any distance if you will only give them time and food enough. With such a turn-out, and with the day before you, it is your own fault if you do not see "all around Quebec" before nightfall. This is very sharp practice, however, only to be seriously enter-

tained in case you are in a hurry. If you have time on your hands, you will make several drives, see the country to greater advantage, and find my friend Driscoll still more accommodating. You should not leave Quebec without visiting Montmorenci. The road lies over the St. Charles River and through the village of Beauport. There are few more attractive drives to be found anywhere. From the north bank of the river, along the edge of which the road twists, you have a fine view of the St. Lawrence—the mighty St. Lawrence—a view which Turner might have studied, and which I am surprised has not been more patronized by our leading landscape painters. In the middle of the river lies the Isle d'Orleans, while far in the distance can be seen the mountain ranges of the eastern townships and Vermont, their tops still capped with snow. Nothing will so surprise the American visitor from the States to the lower province of Canada as the *primitiveness* of every body and every thing he sees around him.

The peasantry are nearly all of Norman extraction, and speak a broken *patois* which is difficult to pronounce, and still more difficult to understand. You find the women in the field, with enormous wooden shoes on their feet and immense straw hats on their heads, working away as the negro women at the South once did. They still use the wooden plow as they did in Normandy a century and a half ago. The men seem to take the better half of whatever labor is to be performed. They haul wood and water, and carry their scanty produce to market. That done, they are free to do as they please, and lounge about like so many Indians. Dressed in their gray *capotes*, with the bright red sash at their waist, they walk by the side of their creaking carts, whistling gayly or humming one of their favorite Canadian airs. They raise little more than they require for home consumption, and yet they seem to want for nothing. It is a noteworthy fact that there are few beggars among them. In spite of the poverty of the land and of the people, there is an appearance of cleanliness and com-

fort about their homes that is quite refreshing. No roofless walls, no broken chimneys, no signs of decay of any kind obtrude themselves upon your sight. If the population of the Beauport parish decreases, (as it is said to do) the houses must be pulled down and their foundations razed as soon as they are empty. All here is neat and new looking, the dark stone picked out with whitest mortar, the gables finished off, and the doors and door-steps, and windows and window-sash and sills all painted red, white, blue—sometimes one color, oftener all—looking in the distance like so many doll-houses. In Beauport, and all along at every town on the road, we came upon statues of the Virgin—sometimes decorated, but generally plain. One, I remember, held a black pint-bottle with flowers in its hand, and cut rather an undignified figure. Crosses are seen everywhere, some of them of elaborate workmanship.

An hour's sharp drive brought us to the edge of the great fall at Montmorenci. We found the river greatly swollen by the late rains, and the fall at its best. Though vastly inferior to Niagara in point of size, it is yet equal to that monarch of cataracts in picturesque beauty and scenic effect. One excellent feature at Montmorenci is, that you are not dunned to death by guides, guide-book and Indian curiosity venders, fan-makers, fortune-tellers, and strolling nuisances generally. My recollections of Niagara are indelibly interwoven with a dark-visaged, wrinkled, gipsy-like little woman, with a capacious basket on her arm, who seemed to hold undisputed sway from the Suspension Bridge to Goat Island, and whose principal mission there was to sell me some relic of barbarism at four times its value, or in case of refusal, to throw me over the fall. At Montmorenci there is no such nuisance.

If you can resist the circean blandishments of "ale, porter, and spirits," which are temptingly displayed on the signboard of a small house where the Fall road terminates, and will descend the hill by the regular road, you will obtain an excellent view secure from molestation. A few years

ago a chain bridge spanned the Montmorenci at the edge of the fall. Nothing but the piers are standing now. In the spring of 1860 the frost yielded rapidly, and the wire rope which supported the road-bed of the bridge gave way, precipitating the whole structure into the raging waters below. A Canadian farmer, with his wife, who were crossing the bridge in their cart at the time, were lost. The whirlpool just under the fall where their bodies were seen going round and round for many days after the bridge fell, is still pointed out to visitors.

A heavy vapor rises from the river under the fall, which, in winter, is frozen into a cone. This cone often rises to the height of fifty or sixty feet, and from its summit a fine front view of the edge of the precipice and the bed of the Montmorenci River can be had. The Canadian boys amuse themselves by cutting steps in the side of the cone, dragging their little hand-sleds up behind them to the top, and then after every light fall of snow, sliding down the face of the cone on to the ice-locked river at its base—a feat which it would be perilous for an inexperienced person to attempt. A peep at Patterson's mill, with its endless *dal* and stacks of pine timber—a climb up the tangled precipitous hill-side—a peep inside the cabin presided over by a square-built *petite* Canadian in a huge straw hat—custodian of the circean blandishments aforesaid, close our peregrinations at the Falls. Back to Quebec, to *dejeuner*, and then off to take a look round the citadel.

Quebec has been styled the "Gibraltar of the New World," and in many respects she merits the proud distinction. For that title, however, it can not be denied that she is indebted to her position rather than to the extent or strength of her fortifications. Her greatness is historical; she belongs to the past rather than to the present. As she, with her sister cities up and down the St. Lawrence, must one day be ours, (peaceably if possible; if impossible, otherwise) it is well to know the facts. Quebec is, and probably will long remain, the most strongly fortified city in

either province. It is fortified, but after a very antique fashion. Its strength is traditional; actually, it is comparatively weak. Its principal defense is, that the citadel and garrison are on the summit of a steep bluff or rock, unassailable by land forces, except by surprise, as in the case of Wolfe. But that obstacle, in case of an invasion from the United States, might be easily overcome. A few gunboats of the Ironsides and Monitor Monadnock class, once safely anchored in the river, would soon demolish the citadel and lay the lower town in ashes. The elevation would necessarily be great to enable the guns to throw shell so high, but that once obtained, all obstacles would be overcome. Dr. Russell, whose long experience with defensive operations in the Crimea and elsewhere, makes him a very competent authority, in his recent work on the Defenses, Condition, and Resources of Canada, speaking of Quebec, informs us that "its present fortifications are nearly useless, the town being completely commanded from Point Levi, on the opposite shore, and the citadel being in more than one place exposed to an enterprising enemy."

As we returned from our inspection of the citadel, we looked in at the French Cathedral. It was Saturday. Inside the building a priest was catechising children in front of an altar-table, resplendent with oil-paintings and tall lighted candles in enormous candelabra. Outside and in front of it a long line of carriages and ca-leches were drawn up; and beyond them the regular Saturday market was in full blast, the Canadian market-woman chattering away like so many infuriated magpies.

Quebec does not strike the American visitor as being a fast place. Contrary-wise, it is rather slow. It is generally believed to have been founded by Jacques Cartier some time in the fifteenth century, but the *savans* of the historical and antiquarian societies are debating that question yet, and will doubtless continue to do so for many years to come. Every thing is done upon the slow and sure principle. If you drop into a cook-shop and order a

chop or steak, you will wait some time for it, but when it does come, it is cooked to a turn and nicely served. You order a gig or a "kerridge," as my friend the Autocrat would say, and its wheels are tired as though, in case of emergency, they were intended to serve as kedge-anchors, but the vehicle seldom tips over, and never breaks down.

The Quebeckers have been thirty years laying their water-pipes through the streets, and they are blasting away at them yet, but then these pipes have been laid in many places in the solid rock, and the rock of Quebec is very hard. But the completion of the Grand Trunk Railway through the lower province has shown these primitive Normans the elephant, and they are profiting by the acquaintance.

They are going to put the street-railroads through their quaint, wry-necked old town. The rails for the track are already on their way from the "old country," and when I next visit my friends on the Place d'Armes, I shall miss my jovial friend Louis, with his caleche, and fancy myself in the Bowery once more.

As we recrossed the river to Point Levi on our way up to Montreal, the little ferry-boat steamed across the bows of the steamship Himalaya, which lay at anchor in midstream, with the troops of the Seventeenth regiment on board. After seven years' garrison duty in Quebec, they were now bound for England. Such is the life of a soldier. Here to-day; there to-morrow; nowhere next day.

I desired to extend my trip down the river below Quebec and visit Riviere du Loup and the far-famed Saguenay, but time would not allow. From Point Levi the road runs south-west through a broken, heavily-timbered country to Richmond. Seven miles from Quebec you cross the Chaudière River, and if the day is favorable, as it was when we crossed, a good view of the fall may be obtained. It is not quite so high or large as Montmorenci, but is well worth visiting.

At Arthabaska Station, sixty-four miles from Point Levi, a branch line is now in operation to Three Rivers, a small town

on the St. Lawrence, thirty-five miles distant. From Richmond to Montreal the country is less broken, less heavily wooded, and much of it under cultivation. At Acton, St. Hyacinthe, and St. Hilaire, there are large settlements of the French Canadians, and the residences of Major Campbell and other wealthy Seigniors of the several parishes are conspicuous for their size and general appearance. The trains of the Grand Trunk are run at a low rate of speed, never more than twenty miles an hour, (for what reason, except to reach convenient stopping-places at convenient hours, I never could discover) and we made but slow progress. Soon after daylight in the morning after leaving Quebec, a sharp curve in the road brought the river and the glittering spires of the Cathedral de Notre Dame in view, and shortly after we crossed the noble Victoria Bridge, which spans the river just west of the city, and entered the suburbs of the ancient Hochelaga.

If Quebec is the quaintest of Canadian cities, Montreal is justly entitled to be considered the handsomest. It is also the center of trade and fashion in the lower Province. No traveler can be said to have made *la grand tour* without having visited Montreal. I put up with my old friend Hogan, of the St. Lawrence Hall, where I found the redoubtable Beverly Tucker and other rebel worthies domiciled. The irrepressible Sanders had also been staying there, and living in fine style; but since the collapse of the confederate balloon, and the undignified retreat and capture of their degenerate chieftain, Southern stock in the Montreal market has declined rapidly, and the Chairman of the Niagara Conference has had to find more secluded lodgings up-town. Not long before my arrival, this Sanders gave vent to another of his volleys of abuse against the United States Government in a letter to the editor of the *Gazette*. The editor, however, showed his estimate of Sanders and his cause by placing the letter in an obscure corner of the sheet, with the following introductory: "At the request of the writer, we insert," etc. The late famous clique of Sanders *et al.* are now for

sale considerably below cost, board-bills included.

The Confederation scheme seems to find but few friends in the lower Province, though the press have urged it as the wisest course. The defense of the Province is being warmly discussed, and Messrs. Cartier and Galt, two of the ministerial members, are now on a mission to England to confer with the Colonial Secretary in relation to both of these important questions. The old worn-out topic of immigration has also been revived, and is again serving as a staple theme for newspaper ventilation. The new Minister of Agriculture, Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, is now in England, and it is expected that he will induce a larger number of his countrymen to migrate to Canada than ever before. This is certainly a very praiseworthy enterprise; but it is not easy to see how Canada will be the gainer by it, when it is well known that four fifths of all the emigrants to Canada find their way eventually to the United States.

There was quite a stir among the "red-coats," as the soldiers are familiarly called in Montreal, while I was there. The new commander of the forces, General Mitchel, was expected shortly, and soldier and civilian alike were on the tip-toe of expectation to know what manner of a man he would prove to be. In a country like this the welfare of the social fabric so much depends upon one military head—if that be *the* one—the color of his hair and eyes, or the length of his legs or nose. Vive la bagatelle, vive la Canada!

On the third day after reaching Montreal, and the tenth after entering Canada, the porter announced my "luggage all aboard;" a hearty shake of the hand with mine host of the St. Lawrence, and then off. The night train over the Grand Trunk was soon rattling over the flats beyond St. Lambert, and when morning broke, we had crossed the old lady's Bound'ry Line, and were once more in the land of codfish-chowder, and corn-dodgers.

THE ROMANCE OF TRUTH.

FROM THE REFORMATION TIMES.

It was on a bright winter morning of December, 1548, that two persons walked toward the imperial city of Hall, a thriving manufacturing place, at about thirty miles north-east from Stuttgart. The country through which the road led them was in a high degree romantic, and would have been more so still, had not the frosty king stripped the woods of their foliage, and spread his snowy mantle over the verdure of the hills and pastures. Now the two pedestrians found themselves in a cluster of tall pines that covered the slopes of a steep hill. Then they skirted the edges of deep precipices, over which eyes less accustomed than theirs could not look without fright. To their left the river Kocher, which in summer-time is but a poor tributary to

the Necker, rolled its white billows with irresistible impetuosity over its craggy bed, making the hills resound with the roar of its foaming violence. To their right the convent of St. Elizabeth, built upon the top of a somewhat high hill, and the abode of a score of lazy monks and nuns, cast the dark shadow of its massive form over the snow-white field that was spread out at its foot. Right before them, at only two miles' distance, the beautiful tower of the old gothic cathedral of Hall lifted its venerable form to the sky, and the cheerful-sounding peal of its bells, borne on the fresh winter breeze, seemed to welcome them to the city.

The pedestrians were both inhabitants of the town. The elder one, a man of

about fifty, was the tanner Joachim Romberg, who lived in a house close to the gate to which their road was leading. His companion, a young man of about eighteen, whose name was Hans Specht, was apprentice with the gold-worker, Michael Brachmann, whose name raised feelings of the deepest respect in every good Protestant heart, for he was one of the oldest and firmest pillars of the church. Hans was on his return from a sad commission. His master was lying on the brink of the grave, suffering from an incurable complaint, for which, however, the blacksmith of Dönn, near Heilbronn, was said to know a remedy. And the lad was bringing the remedy home in a bottle, which hung down from his neck.

"Certainly it is a shame, a great shame," the tanner said, repeating the word which Hans had uttered, while pointing to the convent, which was visible on their right. "There is no greater den of iniquity than that nest of lazy, wanton Papists. I have always been sorry, that in the days when the Word of God drove those wicked persons out of our city, that that den over there was not swept clean at the same time. But our good Pastor Brenz withheld the citizens, lest, the convent not being situated in our territory, we should have got into a scrape. You were not born then, Hans, for it was twenty-five years ago, but those were glorious times indeed. The people were all of one heart and one soul, and the monks and nuns, though as numerous as locusts, could not stand the power of the spirit which made the whole population rise against them. Mobs crowded before the gates of the cloisters, and would have set fire to them, had not Pastor Brenz, and your master, Michael Brachmann, stepped in, and with the Word of God in their hands, persuaded the people to abstain from deeds of violence, and to give the matter into the hands of the magistrates. I think I see it now, as if it were yesterday, how the Burgomaster David Lachbrenner, at the head of the town council, stepped into the Carthusian cloister, declared the whole institution, with all its movables and immov-

ables confiscated; and then ordered the monks to leave the place at once. They slinked off like whipped hounds. And thus all the cloisters fared. They were changed into schools, and their revenue was appropriated for the support of the teachers. I say, lad, those were glorious times. Would to God they came again, for we have gone back since. There is death in the pot nowadays. The people have forgotten their first love, and many begin again to burn incense to Baäl. But what is to be expected of the sheep, when the shepherds feel their skin creep at the approach of the wolves? But for that, Granvelle would not have ventured to send the imperial soldiers into our city to enforce that cursed *Interim*, which is as wicked a piece of deception and idolatry as ever the devil fabricated."

"I have heard so much of that *Interim*," Hans said, "that I dream of it at night; yet if I were asked what it is, I really could not tell. Charles Büschler, the town councilor's son, who attends the Latin school opposite our house, told me it meant 'lying' in Latin. To show me how it was, he wrote the word '*interim*' with a piece of chalk on a board, and then taking out one letter after another, he made the word *mentiri* of it, which, he said, meant in Latin 'telling lies.'"

"Ay, he is a clever lad," the tanner said cheerfully, flapping his hands on his shoulders to restore the circulation of the blood which the frost was hindering. "A very clever lad, indeed; just like his father, who is the only man among the town councilors worth taking off one's cap to. It must be a wonderful language, Latin. It makes people at once look through things, however finely spun. Pastor Brenz said the other day that the *Interim* was a corruption of the word *interitus*, which means 'perdition.' Well, I do not wonder that both lies and perdition are found in it, for its twenty-six articles are just so many lies which the cardinal wants to poison our souls with all the year round, pouring in a fresh lie every fortnight, till at the close of the year we shall have been tumbled head

over heels into perdition. The cunning rat knew perfectly well what he was about, when he got that fair document concocted and passed at the Diet of Augsburg in May last. It was to settle matters between the Protestants and the Papists, and to restore peace in the realm of his imperial majesty. So it begins very smoothly and cunningly. The first article treats of man's state before the fall, and the second of man's state after the fall, and the third of the redemption through our Lord Jesus Christ. All that seems very sound and spiritual, but it is only a bait to catch the fish, for with the fourth article, which is on justification, comes the hook, and when you have swallowed the whole, you are caught body and soul, and are turned into as bigoted an idolater as ever bowed to a wafer. And now we have the imperial soldiers in our city, to make us swallow it whether we like it or not. But I have prayed to God day and night, that he may give courage to the town council to stand out as long as there is a drop in their veins. And if they were all of them like Councillor Büschler, I have no doubt but that we should drive away those Spanish dogs before the week draws to a close. But alas! alas! our silver is become dross, and our wine mixed with water."

There was a pause, and the tanner's face assumed an expression which clearly showed the sad state of his mind.

"What a dismal thing it is," Hans observed, "that my master is so ill just now."

"Very sad, very sad, boy," the tanner answered. "If Michael were on his legs now as he was twenty-five years ago when Pastor Brenz preached his first sermon to us, I am sure the people would teach the council its duty as they did on that occasion. I repeat, lad, those were glorious days. I think I still see our dear pastor standing in his pulpit as if it were yesterday. It was on the eighth of September, *Anno Domini* 1522, that the cathedral was so crowded that there was not room left for a dog to wag its tail. John Brenz was a young man then of twenty-three, but I do not believe that

there ever came a student from Heidelberg with so much real stuff in head and heart: Schwarzerd (Melancthon) and Hausschein (Ecolampadius) who were his professors, often said that they expected him to become for Wurtemberg what Luther was for Saxony. And their expectation was not put to shame, for God has made him a light shining all over the country, and old Swabia is lost to the Pope through John Brenz, thanks be to the Lord, Amen. Nor do I believe that there is a Christian in the world who is better acquainted with the Word of God, or is better able to nail all he says with Scripture. How we listened to that sermon he preached to us! It was to us as if we were sitting with the five thousand in the desert, to whom the Lord brake the loaves and fishes. 'Through faith,' he said, 'through faith we must be saved, not through our works. God sent his Son to save us; so if we try to save ourselves through any thing of our own, we will be taking our stand with that officer who struck the Lord Jesus with the palm of his hand. For if it were possible that, whether by deeds or words, or tears or blood, we could blot out our sins, there would have been no necessity for the Son of God to have left his heavenly throne, to pass through all the misery of this world of sin and death, and to bleed on the tree of condemnation, being made a curse for us.' You see, Hans, he went straight to the root of the matter, and he showed at once that there was no salvation in either pope or priest, saint or sacrament, church or chastisement, but in Jesus alone. 'A man,' he said, 'who believes with the heart in Jesus *is* justified; his sins *are* pardoned, because they *are* suffered and bled for. Such a man wants nothing further in order to get rid of his sins and guilt. His cup is brimful with the grace and love of God, and every drop that any body else might try to add to it would flow down outside and be spilt as useless. If a saint were to pray for such a man, that saint would be like a man who lit a candle in broad daylight. If an angel were to work for such a man's justification, that angel

would be like a man pouring water into the ocean. If it be true,' he said, 'that the Lord is our Righteousness, then why should we look either to ourselves or our friends, whether dead or alive, for righteousness? If it be true that God himself came down to do the work for us, then who is the creature who dares to say: It is not sufficient; it is not perfect; I will add a drop to thy tears; I will swell the stream of thy blood by a drop from my veins? Who was the saint or the priest,' he asked, 'who helped that poor thief into paradise who died by the Lord's side? Yes,' he answered, 'there *was* a saint—namely, Jesus, the holy child of God; there *was* a priest—namely, Jesus, the only High-Priest and Mediator between God and man. But no saint and no priest besides. It was he alone who did the whole thing which that poor sinner was in need of, and so he has done the whole thing of which we are in need likewise.'"

"That's plain language, as far as I can judge," said Hans. "Look here, master Joachim, I am but an ignorant lad, and I know nothing of Latin and Greek. But this much I know as well as the most learned man in the whole of Swabia, that we are all sinners, and that we must all die."

"Just so, my lad," the tanner answered; "keep that in mind, and you will find that we are all in need of a Saviour who is able to save us from sin and death."

"That's exactly what I was going to say," Hans replied. "And I can not see how a man, such as a saint, who was a sinner like us, and who died as we shall die, can be able to save us."

"Ay, my lad," cried the tanner, "keep to that. That's real stuff. Flesh and blood have not revealed that unto thee. It makes you richer than the Emperor, though his realm be so large that the sun never sets on it. For it is written: 'Better is a poor and a wise child, than an old and foolish king.' Now Pastor Brenz in the same way stripped all the saints, and set them before us in all their nakedness as poor sinners like unto us, who needed

a merciful Saviour as much as we do. 'Those saints,' he said, 'were just good Christians, as I hope we will all turn out. They were lost by their sins, they took refuge with Christ, and were saved by grace. Now,' he said, 'let us not look to them for gifts which they are not able to give, but let us learn from them to receive Christ as they received him. It is a foolish, wicked thing, to ask their intercession, which they never promised to any body. People one moment pray to God, Thy will be done; and the next moment they pray to a saint, Dear saint, come between, lest God's will be done. That's nothing short of trying to goad the good saints into rebellion against God, and to cause disturbance in the heavenly Jerusalem. If the saints could hear all the prayers that are offered up to them, and were to take action accordingly, the archangel Michael would have to read the Riot Act in heaven. All that the saints are able to do for us, is to teach us how to believe and to confide in God. If we do that, we shall be sure to fill all heaven with joy. We may make the angels sing and dance,' he said, 'but then we must not pipe unto them with pilgrimages, holidays, self-chastisements and the like, but with faith and repentance, and a life full of gratitude and charity.'"

"That's just like him," Hans interrupted. "When he spoke to my master the other day, he said: 'Master Michael,' says he, 'you remember you purposed to go to Jerusalem twenty-five years ago to pray at the holy sepulcher, and you thought about getting a large box, into which to put your old clothes and sundry articles, to be kept in the crypt of the cathedral till you came back. Why, you are about to start for a pilgrimage to a better Jerusalem now, and we will put the worn-out clothing of your soul into a box and bury it, and when you shall come back in glory, you will find it again quite new and clean, and I wonder how good old Michael Brachmann will look in that splendid dress.' And my master smiled and said: 'Ay, Pastor Brenz, but I trust I shall meet you in the holy city before that; and we will come together to the

churchyard, I expect, to look for our new clothing.' And then they heartily shook hands, and tears glistened in their eyes."

"Beautiful!" the tanner exclaimed. "Yes, old Michael was a bigoted Papist before he knew Pastor Brenz; but the Gospel that came from that man's lips committed such fearful havoc amongst his idols, that he gathered the whole lumber into a heap and threw it overboard, never to look the way of it again. He, too, was at church when Brenz preached that first sermon, and he was so struck with the power of the word that, after the service, when the people were still lingering in groups in the churchyard, talking about it, he mounted one of the tombs and addressed them, saying, 'Now ye men of Hall, know ye what your duty is in these important days. God has sent us a man whose word is like a hammer crushing the rocks, and like a summer shower refreshing the dry parched land. Mind ye, if we neglect to secure that man as our pastor, there will be joy amongst the evil spirits, and the good angels will stop singing for a while. Let us not allow that man to go to his bed to-night without his knowing that the church of Christ at Hall wants him as its teacher and pastor.' And then there was uproarious applause, and John Brenz was called with the unanimous consent of all the members. I say, my lad, that was a great day. I remember it as if it were yesterday; and I shall never forget it, though I should live as long as Methuselah."

While conversing in this way, the two friends stepped into the gate of the city.

"Now, good-by," the tanner said, stopping at the door of his house, which, according to the simple habits of those times, was open all day, allowing the inhabitants and visitors to go in and out at all hours. "Now, good-by, my lad," he said, shaking hands with his companion, "and do tell your master that we don't cease to pray for him, and that the Lord may be pleased to delay his pilgrimage for a while and leave him with us in these bad times."

The lad politely lifted his cap, and while he stepped on to carry the remedy

to his dying master, the tanner disappeared into his house.

II.

It was not long before Hans found himself in the passage of his master's house. He walked up till he came to a door, which was opened to his gentle knock. It was his master's bedroom. The invalid was lying, pale and emaciated, but the brightness of his eyes showed that the approaching shadows of death had not yet dimmed his mind nor robbed his heart of its peace. At the head of the bed Pastor Brenz was sitting, with an expression of sadness blended with joy on his face. He evidently was strengthening the hero for the battle that was at hand, and telling him of the victory that was to crown it. Frau Brachmann and her daughter Lizzy, a fair girl of twenty, were standing by, in vain trying to stop the tears that ran from their eyes, and listening with breathless attention to every word that came from the lips of their beloved husband and father.

"Have you got it?" Lizzy whispered to the lad. "And what did the blacksmith say?"

Hans shook his head. "I have got the medicine," he said, "but the blacksmith was afraid it was too late. We should have come earlier. A spoonful every half-hour," he added.

"Never mind that medicine," the sick man said, who had heard Hans' words. "I know there is no help for me with man."

"But, dearest father, we must try the means, mustn't we?" said Lizzy, pouring a spoonful of liquor into a little goblet. "You will take it, dear father, won't you?"

"Of course I will," was the reply, "but let us not waste our precious time. I feel that my hours are counted, and I must see the Councilor before I die. Just send Hans to request him to call before he goes to the meeting."

Not a quarter of an hour had elapsed before Hans entered the study of Councilor Büschler. It was a spacious though dark-looking room. A whitewashed wall

peeped out here and there between the book-presses which lined the apartment to the right and left. Two narrow windows, with little triangular-shaped glass panes, set in lead, threw a scanty light upon the large oak table at which the Councilor was sitting. A sloping desk of the same material was placed before him. On one corner it bore a human skull, with the inscription, *Memento mori*. On the other, an hour-glass was placed, with the inscription *Hora ruit*. In the middle, a large, smoothly-polished tin inkstand was visible, containing an ink-box at one end and a sand-box at the other, while the feathers of half-a-dozen goose-quills were sticking up between. The rest of the table was covered with papers, maps, parchment scrolls, and piles of books, all lying in just as much confusion as the orderly hand of Frau Büschler, who came in every morning with brush and dust-towel, allowed them to enjoy for a day.

The Councilor was engaged in glancing over a speech which he purposed to deliver that day. Cap in hand, and keeping at a respectful distance, Hans delivered his message.

"Is your master so bad as that?" the Councilor said, in a pitiful voice, and shaking his head in sorrow. "Tell him that I will come immediately after the meeting of the Council."

"I beg your pardon, Herr Councilor, my master wishes to speak to you *before* you go to the meeting. If you could manage to come now, my master would be very thankful. He says he has only a few hours to live."

"Can't think of it. Before the Council meets with the Imperial Commissary, we must have a private conference of councilors at the Burgomaster's house, which is to be within an hour from this. Tell your master I will come after this meeting, and before the other one."

"Dear Herr Councilor," Hans continued, in a supplicating voice, "*could* you not come now? I am afraid you will not find my master alive if you delay. And Pastor Brenz is with him, too, and is waiting till you come."

"Is Brenz there?" the Councilor replied in a pensive tone. "Brenz there?" he repeated, as if talking with himself. Then after a short pause he started from his chair, and folding the paper that was in his hand, said: "Go, lad, and say that I am coming immediately."

Off went Hans like a shaft from a bow.

"It is really too much for one man," the Councilor said to himself while putting on his shoes. "One would need two bodies nowadays. And every thing comes to me. It is councilor Büschler here, and councilor Büschler there, and councilor Büschler everywhere. Why," he continued, looking at the hour-glass, "I really don't know how to manage all. I have only forty-five minutes to go to Michael and be back for the meeting. Then suppose the meeting lasts an hour at the very shortest. It will be twelve o'clock then; and the council is at one. That's only one hour for coming home, for dinner, and walking back all the way to the town-hall. It is quite absurd. I wish the Commissary and his soldiers and Granvelle and the whole lot of them were in Lapland."

He put on his councilor's mantle with white turned-down collar, took his black velvet cap, and hurried to the house of the dying man. Lizzy was standing at the door, looking out for his coming.

"Oh! you are very kind, Herr Councilor," she said; "father is so anxious to see you."

She guided him through the passage, and, having opened the door of the sick-room, led him to her father's bed.

"Thank you, Büschler," Michael whispered, stretching out his emaciated hand. "I could not die before seeing you."

"Will it really be our last meeting?" the Councilor replied, taking a seat close to the bed, and keeping the hand of the dying man in his. "Michael, you don't know how deeply we feel this blow which it pleases the Lord to inflict upon us. There never was a time in which we were so much in need of you, as this."

"No, no, you don't need me," Michael answered; "if it were so, the Lord would

not take me from you, nor from my beloved wife and child."

"He will be their husband and father," answered the Councilor; "and if my assurance can contribute any thing to your dying in peace, be sure that I shall care for them as if they were my own flesh and blood."

"May God bless you, dear brother, I know you will; but it is not for this I wanted to speak to you. I have given my wife and child into the hands of my God. But the people of this city and the church of Christ are pressing heavily upon my heart. What are you going to say to the Commissary at the council? Are you going to accept the *Interim*?"

"You know how I hate it," the Councilor replied; "but you know also that I have but one vote; and I am afraid my colleagues will give in."

"Councilor Büschler," the dying man said, raising his voice with extraordinary power, "I beseech you in the name of God, before whom I am about to appear, to stand out against that iniquity to the last drop of blood in your veins. Tell your colleagues that I adjure them from the brink of the grave to be faithful unto death, and rather to allow themselves to be crucified with Christ than to betray the cause of God and the souls of the people into the hands of the devil."

"I will," the Councilor replied, with a voice almost choked in tears. "God knows that I have resolved rather to lose house and fields, and to wander about like a beggar with my wife and children, than to sign that wicked document."

"Amen," the dying man whispered; "and now let me die in peace. God our God will be your shadow at your right hand."

He shut his eyes, swooning away from exhaustion. The Councilor and Brenz, after having pressed a kiss on his pale forehead, left the room.

"I thank God," the Councilor said to Brenz, who, as he wanted to return to the dying man to offer up his last prayer with him, remained standing at the door of the house—"I thank God that he brought me here before the meeting. I wanted a

fresh draught of the Spirit of God. I felt weak in faith this morning, but I will now fight as a lion in the strength of the Lord. Do not forget me, pastor. Be to me what Moses was to Joshua when he fought the Amalekites."

"I shall not cease lifting up my heart and hands to God for you," Brenz replied. "Speak as a man, and be afraid of nobody. The truth of the Lord be thy shield and buckler."

"Still I am afraid sore times are about to come over this poor city," the councilor said in a grave voice. "If my word should not prevail, what then? The knight of Kocherstein informed me last night that he would be ready with fifty armed men, in case I should want them. And the salt-workers' guild will come up as one man if I send a message."

"Do not resort to carnal weapons, Councilor," the pastor replied; "God will not be with you in that. Besides, you can not trust the people as we could twenty-five years ago. Their first love is gone; a backsliding and lukewarm spirit has stolen over their hearts; they have learnt to neigh again after the clover-fields of this world. I see the Lord coming with the winnow in his hand. The Emperor has got rid of the Turks, and is reconciled to the Pope; so, having his hands free again, he has become our enemy once more. He will be sure to take vengeance if you hunt away his soldiers, and nobody can tell what calamity would then befall the city. If you can not conquer him by the Word, it will be in vain to take the sword."

"But what will become of *you*, dear pastor?" the Councilor asked in an anxious tone. "If the *Interim* be accepted, you will be sure to be imprisoned. You had better take measures in time. If *you* spoke a word to the people, I am sure they would run to the rescue from all quarters. You don't know how fond they are of you still, notwithstanding their backsliding."

A sad, somewhat sarcastic smile curved the lips of the minister. Soon, however, his face resumed its usual grave expression, and, gently putting his hand on the Councilor's shoulder, he observed:

"Say nothing of the affection of the

people of Hall toward me, Büschler. It is really too bad to remind me of that. Have you forgotten where I was this time two years ago?"

The Councilor was silent, and kept his eyes bent on the ground. Yes, he knew too well that exactly two years ago that same man whom he was speaking to now found himself abandoned by the whole population of Hall, and hunted by the Emperor, who at the head of his victorious army had come to extirpate the heretics. Brenz's papers, letters, and sermons were seized, and he himself was compelled to take refuge in a high tower. The people had not the courage to protect him, so he fled from them in the night, dressed as an artisan, leaving his wife and six children to the mercy of his persecutors. In the severest cold, that good man, who for twenty-four years had been a faithful pastor to the people of Hall, wandered about in the woods and fields like an outlaw, and nobody had the boldness to receive him into his house, till the Emperor left the city, and the council invited him to return.

"I believe the people are ashamed of their conduct," the Councilor replied.

"I hope they are," Brenz answered. "At any rate, I have forgiven them their unfaithfulness. Indeed but for that I should not have returned. But you can not wonder that my bitter experiences have taught me to estimate their affection for me at the rate it is worth."

"Matters are not so bad as they were two years ago," the Councilor said. "It is not the Emperor himself with whom we have to do now, but his commissary, who has only come with a comparatively small band of soldiers. Besides, the people also hate the *Interim*. So there is sufficient fuel to make a tremendous blaze. But that blaze will not rise if *you* do not put fire to the fuel. I am convinced that I shall not be able to persuade my colleagues to refuse the *Interim*, unless I can assure them that you will rouse the people to come to our assistance with sword and spear. I have no doubt that if you only dropped a word to the people to that effect, we should have the town-hall surrounded by thousands of armed men, before whom the Spanish dogs would melt away like wax before the fire."

"If the council summon the people to come to the defense of God's Word and cause, I will not try to prevent them," the pastor answered, "but it is not my duty to summon them. The strength of the council ought to be in the Lord, not in my weak, unworthy person. If your colleagues have not so much faith in God as to place themselves at the head of the people, God will be sure to deliver them into the hands of their enemies, even if the archangel Michael took the lead. Our God, Councillor, is a jealous God, who will not give his glory to another."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

OVERLAND TRAVEL TO THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

TILL a few years since, all we knew of the western shores of this continent and the vast extent of territory between the Missouri and the Pacific Ocean was obtained from the observations of such men as Clark and Lewis and Parker, the missionary, or the fugitive, and generally exaggerated tales of hunters and trappers who, like "Kit Carson," with dauntless courage and self-reliance and steadiness of nerve that no hardships or dangers could shake, plied their vocation

along the head-waters of the Missouri and all the Rocky Mountain streams. California belonged to Spain, and ultimately became a part of Mexico. Little was known of it; some old navigators called it an island, others called the Bay of San Francisco a lake, while others declared that there was no harbor on the coast. Our government, with a sagacity which characterizes all wise governments, cast about to find, that it might possess strong outposts—strategic points, and saw

the importance of possessing Oregon and the mouth of the Columbia. But Oregon was long a disputed territory: the British government claimed to forty-two degrees of north latitude, while ours claimed to fifty-four degrees forty minutes; and it is in the remembrance of many that the successful party went into an exciting presidential canvass with the rallying cry: "*Fifty-Four Forty, or Fight!*"

It being an object, therefore, to secure actual settlers in Oregon from our own people and in sympathy with the government, the beauty and fertility of the Willamet valley were depicted in glowing but not untruthful terms; large bounties of land were pledged to every settler, and the more children he had, the larger the bounty and the better for the government, for the more likely was he to remain.

To cross the continent had been proved *possible*. Some parties of engineers, mostly connected with the regular army, with almost infinite hardship, peril, and suffering, had climbed over the mountains and traversed the desert plains. It was enough. What was possible, American enterprise was sure to undertake. But what is now comparatively easy, because well understood, had to be learned by the bitterest experience. The sufferings from want of proper supplies of stock and provisions; from storms on the mountains like that which Fremont's party encountered; from losses of the way; from lack of water when cattle run mad with thirst, and men, with tongues so swollen that speech was impossible, thrust their heads beneath a clump of sage-brush on the open desert and died, or, becoming insane, wandered away to perish alone; treachery on the part of the Indians, and other unexpected causes, no tongue can tell.

An emigrant train once belated was overtaken by a snow-storm on the Sierra Nevada, but that was succeeded by other similar storms till the snow had fallen twenty-five or thirty feet deep. Cruel winter had set in; escape was impossible. With two or three exceptions, every soul of the party perished.

Between the Humboldt Mountains and

the foot of Sierras is what is called "the Ninety-Mile Desert," the trying point in the whole journey. The ground is covered with the bleaching bones of cattle which, already too far weakened by the long journey and insufficient food, have perished there, being unable to cross; and great quantities of iron from wagons that gave way from excessive shrinkage, or were abandoned because the trains could haul them no farther. Men had to *learn* which were the best mountain passes, where grass and fresh water were in greatest abundance. But the man who lived to get across saw the mistakes he had made, and knew he could cross again with much more comfort and safety; and because he knew it, frequently came back to try it over, and tell others how to do better than he had done. So that now, the suffering and loss of life in the animal passage is a very small percentage of what it was in former years, and the farmer from Illinois, Iowa, or Missouri who resolves to go to the Pacific coast, provides himself with extra horses, mules, or oxen, extra harness, an extra yoke and ox-bows, and you see him out on the plains with stove and family stores, and even firewood some part of the way, for he must pass over wide reaches where no firewood can be found. But the contrast between the emigrant train as it starts out in May, when the feed is fresh and abundant, the people buoyant, the horses fat and sleek, the step of the oxen brisk and elastic, and the wagons well painted and their canvas covers clean and white, and the same party four months afterward, when they come moping into the little towns of California and Oregon—the people bronzed and dirty and careworn—the wagons battered and covered with dust—the horses without spirit, and the oxen greatly reduced in number, lean and lank and hungry, is indeed wonderful, even now.

The greatest danger in overland travel at the present time is from the Indians. A party of thirty families, for instance, for mutual defense and safety, agree to cross the plains together. They form a company and choose a leader. But the

spirit of independence is very strong in young Western farmers, and after being a few weeks on the plains and seeing no hostile demonstrations from the Indians, faction begins to do its work, and the company is broken to pieces. Sometimes they separate into small parties for the ostensible purpose of obtaining better supplies of grass for their cattle. No matter what the pretext or cause, the Indians see their opportunity, and each division successively falls an easy prey to their rapacity. When the parties keep well organized and in companies large enough to be formidable to the Indians, there is little or no danger.

"The freighters," who transport the produce, groceries, dry goods, machinery, and household furniture with ox and mule teams across the plains to Denver, Central City, and Salt Lake, are wiser. They go in companies, and have recognized or chosen leaders, whose authority is as absolute and often as despotic as sea-captains in their domain. Men are shot down deliberately for insubordination or disobedience to orders. When night comes, if danger from Indians be apprehended, they arrange their wagons in close order in a circle, with a single opening at one side into which their horses or cattle will rush if frightened, and the wagons furnish a kind of barricade against the Indians; and as these men are always well armed, and the Indians the greatest cowards when there is any danger of being hurt, they are seldom molested.

But the general law of overland travel has been one of steady increase. The growing numbers on the Pacific side drawing their friends thitherward, the increasing numbers in the overcrowded East, the better knowledge and increased safety of the journey, are permanent forces that stimulate and contribute to such a result; while the discovery of gold in California, and, subsequently, of the mines of Colorado, Montana, Utah, Idaho, and Nevada, tends to swell the tide beyond the ordinary measure. The road to California is as well-defined and could no more easily be lost than the road from

Boston to Albany; and in the summer months, the long rows of freight teams passing back and forth, the daily stage each way, the long lines of emigrants, almost beguile the traveler out of the idea that he is in an uninhabited country, while encampments for the night at important points like "Fremont Springs," "Julesburgh," "Latham's," with the canvas-covered wagons, the women cooking, the boys bathing, and the men hurrying hither and thither busy in preparations for the night, are exceedingly picturesque, and seem much more like a "County Fair" than the Great American Desert.

It has been estimated that one hundred and fifty thousand people will enter the Pacific Division the present summer. The continued investment in mining stocks, the growing interest in this department of national wealth, and the close of the war throwing so many hardy laborers on the market, does not render the estimate extravagant. If only one quarter of that number shall go overland, the daily average for four months would only surpass a little the average number that passed a given point last year. In eighty-four successive days in 1864, six thousand one hundred and sixty-one wagons, nineteen thousand persons, and more than twenty-five thousand domestic animals passed Fort Laramie going west. In a single hour, chosen at random one morning in June last year, the stage going west passed fifty wagons going in the same direction; while from a single point seventy wagons could be seen moving westward also on the opposite side of the Platte. The overland road across the plains, then, is more of a thoroughfare than most of the common roads in the country.

The causes which have led to all this emigration to the farther west necessitated the endeavor to secure a more rapid transmission of the mails to the same points. At the first, they were carried by sailing-vessels around the "Horn," and it took more time to hear from a friend in San Francisco than if he had been in Peking. Soon after the discovery

of gold in California, mails and passengers began to be carried *viâ* the Isthmus of Panama, that horrible "Middle Passage" through the Chagres River infested with mosquitoes, malaria, alligators, and naked beggars and boatmen. All this happily passed away when the Panama Railroad was built; and six hours now suffice to transfer passengers from the Atlantic steamers to those of the Pacific. At the same time attempts were made to carry the mails across the continent. In January, 1852, the Panama Railroad being then partly completed, the Pacific mails began to be carried across the Isthmus. Russell & Major's, which was usually called the "Pony Express," was a private enterprise, though sanctioned by the government, to carry letters at a high tariff, post haste by horse or mule-back east and west from St. Louis to San Francisco. This arrangement went into operation about the close of the Utah war. In 1857, the "Overland Mail Company" was organized, and in September, 1858, it began to carry a tri-weekly mail to the Pacific by coaches suited also to the accommodation of passengers. The route was *viâ* Fort Smith, El Paso, and Fort Yuma, much longer and less agreeable than the present, which is called the Central route *viâ* Denver and Salt Lake, which was selected soon after the rebellion broke out; since which time the "Overland Stage Line," from Atchison, Kansas, to "Salt Lake City," and the "Overland Mail Company," from Salt Lake City to Sacramento, superseding or absorbing every thing else, have been carrying passengers and the mails daily each way, except when the line has been broken up by Indians.

The main support of this enterprise is in the remuneration for carrying the mails; but since the discovery and development of rich gold and silver mines this side of the Sierra Nevadas, known generically as "Pike's Peak," "Banrock," "Boisee," "Salt Lake," "Reese River," "Humboldt," and "Washoe," and inasmuch as all these points are more readily accessible by stage than in any other manner, the competition for seats

at given periods of the year is very exciting; and as many as twenty-three passengers, bound for the Pacific or intermediate points, have been known to leave Atchison by a single coach, which would be three weeks, at least, running night and day, in accomplishing the trip. Could any other passion than love of gold inspire such an undertaking?

The interest in this trip and the inquiries respecting it multiply every day. Capitalists, the owners of mining stock, their agents and employés, now far outnumber the through passengers, and are increasing continually. It may gratify many, therefore, for one who has tried it to give his impressions of the perils, discomforts, and pleasures of an Overland Trip to California. When it becomes known to one's friends that he intends to take this journey, they hasten to assure him that he will certainly lose his scalp. Some reliable friend has told them of a whole stage-load of passengers slaughtered by the Indians *the day after* he passed. This is not pleasant for weak nerves. For the Indians have a way of completing the job and taking the life with the scalp! If then one begins to inquire into the Indian character, he obtains no relief. Indian honor is a myth. The Indian has no honor, no principle. He is not a heathen or a Pagan, as the Hindoos and the Chinese are. He has no government, no literature, no homestead or landed estates, and no laws. He resembles the natives of Timbuctoo or the Feejee Islands. He is not a cannibal; but that is because bears and buffaloes are cheaper than men. The dignity, the eloquence, and manliness of the men, the beauty and fidelity of the Indian females, is found only in poetry and novels—it has no existence in real life. They represent the lowest type of humanity. Your life is safe among them only when it is no object for them to kill you, or they dare not make the attempt. One evening, when we were riding through the Indian country, and expecting to ride all night as usual, the driver put up his team, leaving the coach in the highway and us to sleep in it

through the night, because, as he affirmed, there was a deep stream before us, which he dare not attempt to ford in the night. Knowing that the stage was due from the west in the course of the night, some one asked if there was no danger in leaving us where we were. "No danger," said he, as he gathered his buffalorobes and disappeared, "no danger at all—*except from the Indians!*" A fine hint to sleep on, especially when we heard human voices in the night. But in the morning we found a stalwart company of twenty-five young men from Ohio encamped about one hundred rods in advance of us.

But there is really very little danger to a stage-passenger from this source. *Dead*, you are of no service to an Indian. He does not care to rob you of your watch, whose use he does not comprehend, or your money, whose value he does not know. True, he would not scruple to kill you any more than he would a dog, if there were any reason for it; but in your case perhaps there is not. With all the trouble on the plains with Indians last year, I do not think a single stage-passenger was killed; and as to the murder of whole coach-loads of passengers, I am assured that *such a case never has occurred*. The Indians do not usually make an attack on an emigrant party for the sake of murder, but for the sake of plunder. Give up the oxen, mules, and sheep, and whatever else they can eat, and your life is safe. But this is asking too much, especially as the sacrifice would probably involve the starvation of his whole family on the desert; hence generally the emigrant fights, and sometimes dies in the act.

Last year, the danger of being drowned was greater than any other. The fall of snow on the mountains was unusually heavy. The streams were greatly swollen, so that such as had always been fordable before could only be safely crossed by ferries.

But the streams are all very rapid and laden with quicksand, so that what may be a shallow reach of water to-day, or a sand-bar, may be but a dangerous cover-

ed pitfall to-morrow. The shifting and rapid current makes it equally difficult to bridge or ferry the stream. Oftentimes would we be awakened in the night by the coach plunging into the streams, and sometimes the water would come rushing through the bottom of the coach. We slept one night in the stage on the banks of the "Cache Le Poudre" River, because the driver dare not ferry us across in the night. Two or three days before, through the force of the current, the ferry-boat rope had broken as the coach was going over, and, said the line agent who was aboard, "I wouldn't have given a farthing for the whole load;" but fortunately, the boat swung round near the shore and the passengers were saved. All one night too did we journey along the side of the Platte, frequently plunging into it where its waters had risen over the road; but oftener the faithful driver, waiting to hear a signal from this same line agent, who had gone forward creeping over the bluffs to find a place for the coach to follow, was guiding us where a stage-coach never went before. Horace Greeley called the Bear River the meanest stream he ever saw. Perhaps I am prejudiced. But if there be any meaner stream than the Platte, which for seven hundred and fifty miles has not a single water-power, which can neither be safely forded nor ferried nor bridged this year, but may be entirely dry the next, I have no desire to see it.

The rapid melting of the snows on the mountains was equally productive of unusual rain-storms. There was a shower in Central and Black Hawk Cities one morning, not over twenty minutes in duration, and it was estimated that the damage done by it was not less than two hundred thousand dollars. There was a creek bed at Denver in which the "oldest inhabitant" had never seen any water. Dwelling-houses were erected there as elsewhere. One night there was a storm on the mountains, and a flood rushed down this dry and dusty water-course sweeping the dwelling-houses before it, and twelve or fifteen persons were drowned. In a few hours it was dry again. One living at the East and in a level

country has no conception of these storms. By one of them the road from Central City to the plains was nearly ruined. In Nevada, a family was going on a visit one day, and they noticed a storm falling on the mountains in advance of them. As they drove down into a narrow ravine that was perfectly dry, a torrent ten or fifteen feet deep dashed down upon them from the mountain side, the carriage was destroyed, the horses drowned, the wife, her sister, father, and two children perished in the waters; the husband only escaped.

Where the soil of the country is charged with alkali, it could only be expected that much of the water found in the streams and springs would be bad. Many persons are made sick by it if they drink too freely, and hundreds of cattle perish every year from the same cause. Besides, the springs, such as they are, in some instances, are quite too far apart for the traveler's comfort. In a few cases, the water used by the horses at the station is drawn several miles. Each company of passengers should supply themselves with a little wooden hand-keg which would hold water enough to supply them from one good spring to another.

It could not be expected either that in such a country, so far from the base of supplies, cookery would be pursued as a high art, or sumptuous repasts be set before the hungry traveler. It seemed to me, however, that nothing but indolence on the part of the people stood in the way of a tolerable supply of fresh vegetables. I recollect one morning when my heart warmed toward a bloated and profane wretch because he had a little patch of radishes by the side of his hovel, some of which he wished to send down the line a few miles by our driver in exchange for buttermilk. He seemed to have more of the milk of human kindness in him than those who lived, and fed us, on the inevitable hot soda-biscuit and hard bacon that seemed to form the chief commodities for the support of human existence.

The alkali dust is also a serious annoy-

ance, especially to passengers from the west, who are usually riding with the wind. It is said to become so inwrought in the clothing, which there is no good opportunity to change or cleanse, that it irritates the surface of the body at times so as to produce great suffering. But go any way you will, the clouds of dust that sweep through the stage, or, what is worse, envelop and fill it, and fill your eyes and ears and throat and lungs at the same time, must be counted one of the chief discomforts of the trip.

Night riding is another, which at the present time it seems impossible to avoid. There is no place from Atchison to Denver, from Denver to Salt Lake City, where, if you would offer a traveler, however weary, the choice between stopping over twenty-four hours or going on, he would not choose the latter. No accommodations are provided except to furnish meals to the passengers. He must go on, whether he can sleep or not. But night riding has its compensations sometimes. It is exciting to be informed by the driver, just at the moment you are courting repose, that it will do you good to "straighten yourself." The truth is, you have come to the foot of some steep mountain range, for the ascent of which it seems your passage was not paid. You begin the ascent; the higher you rise, the more you suffer from the rarefaction of the atmosphere; you pant and climb; you can not talk; the pure and cool air has lost its quality; it seems depreciated; fill your lungs to their utmost capacity, and you can not satisfy yourself. You sit down in the darkness to rest—you hear only the laboring footsteps of the horses as they climb wearily up the hill. The stars above, trembling with excess of brightness, sparkling in the heavens, seem larger and nearer than ever before. When you reach the top, a gale sweeps it, as if from the Pacific, and you behold the face of the moon just above the distant horizon—the only familiar face you have seen for many a day; and all the plain looks like a dark and hazy deep; and if, when you enter the coach and go plunging and rattling

down the hill on the other side with the brakes creaking on the wheels, you can not sleep, you have at least been furnished with some excellent materials for a waking dream. But it is surprising how fresh and elastic one finds himself after riding six or eight nights in succession. He either sleeps more than he is aware of, or the stimulating atmosphere keeps him up, or nature can be satisfied with less sleep than he ever thought to appease her demands with before.

Sickness, when one is overtaken with it, is a more serious hardship than any yet named. The graves scattered along the highway show how serious it may be; and it was sad to have emigrants come to the stage-window and inquire if there were a physician aboard—some wife had a fever, or some child the diphtheria; and frequently they would tell us: "We have not made very good time—we have had sickness in our train." To be sick, and know that there is no physician within three hundred miles, and you are fifteen hundred or two thousand from home, can not be pleasant in either aspect.

But how light are all the hardships and discomforts of this Overland Passage, and how unworthy to deter one for a single hour whom duty or interest or pleasure prompts to see the Pacific side! They are all much less than might be expected, and their impression fades out almost with the hour. Especially is this the case with one who thus crossed the plains not only, but who added to it the journey from the New-Almaden mines, in South-California, to Portland, Oregon, without receiving so much as a single scratch or a bruise, or being for a single moment conscious of present danger.

But *the lack of news* to one accustomed to daily papers and telegraphic dispatches, is very trying. We left Atchison the sixth of June. Grant had plunged into the Wilderness with his magnificent army, a series of bloody battles had been fought, but the result was not determined. On we went, day after day, but nothing later than the sixth of June could reach us. And yet the telegraph-wires were stretch-

ed over our heads, and any moment the tidings of disaster or victory might be flying past us on the lightning's wing. At Julesburgh there is a telegraph station. We hurried to it from the stage to be told by the operator that he was not to divulge the news till it had come back in the Denver papers, when, of course, no one would thank him to divulge it.

One morning early, as we came drowsily forth from the stage to our breakfast, an emigrant, who had been on the way much longer than we had, rushed forward eagerly, saying: "What is the news from the Baltimore Convention? Who is nominated for President?" "Perhaps, nobody," was our reply. "But," said he, "the Convention *came off* the seventh." "Ah! sir," said we, "we 'came off' the sixth."

I remember, too, as we came down by steamer from Portland, just as we entered the Golden Gate, a hundred loud-mouthed cannons on Fort Alcatraz poured forth a joyous salute as if to bid us welcome. As we swept down into the bay, a little boat shot out from the shore; the captain shouted, "What's the news?" and a voice came back: "*Atlanta is fallen!*" And though some days later than the rest of the country, the shouts that went up from the deck of the Brother Jonathan were as hearty as any.

Still more trying was the suspense about the elections in Pennsylvania and Ohio. These took place the ninth of October. We sailed from San Francisco the thirteenth. We should have known the result before we sailed. But the wires were working badly. The result of the full returns was not clear. West-Pennsylvania was largely Republican. "All right," said the Republicans. "But that is always so," said the Democrats. "Wait till you hear from 'Old Berks.'" And they actually went on speculating, if not betting, on an election already past till they nearly reached New-York, the fourth of November following.

Then, on the other hand, there are sources of positive enjoyment in the trip that many leave out of the account in

their estimate of it. Many persons have asked if passengers are not carried over the Rocky Mountains on mule-back, and others, if we do not have open wagons much of the way. But there is no mule-back riding, no open wagons—nothing but Concord coaches, and, with the exception of perhaps two hundred miles, not even a mule team. And as to the Rocky Mountains, they are a hundred miles across. Snowy peaks are seen on either hand, in front and rear; you rise and fall, turn to the right and left, and are only conscious that you are passing over a rough country; but when you inquire for the dividing ridge, lo! you have left it far behind. There is dust, there are sandy and alkali plains, there are rocks and boulders and rough places—places where, if the coach be in bad order and permitted to go down on the thorough-braces, the passengers will get terribly pounded. But there are hundreds of miles of the finest road to be found in world. No race-course could be smoother. Not a stone or root for many a mile to jar the coach, or disturb your slumbers if disposed to sleep. One bright morning, we found ourselves moving on at a fine rate, facing a stiff breeze, and sweeping over a long stretch of road, level as a floor. Directly one of the passengers saw a strap dragging on the ground. He looked again: the driver was asleep on the box, the lines had fallen from his hands, and the horses were running at their own sweet will!

Besides, the scenery much of the way is such as can nowhere be found in the "States." Wide, high-rolling prairies, stretching out on every hand far as the eye can reach; no forest or house or fence or wall breaking the view; at the east, hundreds of cattle grazing quietly; farther west, vast herds of buffaloes; now and then an antelope or two, sly and sleek; birds of song, the robin and the bobolink, whose voices seemed unusually loud because of the prevalent stillness of the scene; and flowers in boundless profusion, beyond all conception, of new va-

rieties and every hue, painting the hill-side and peeping up beside the carriage-way, attract and enchant the traveler till his eye is weary with beholding. When you have passed over into the heart of the American Basin, the birds of song, the cattle, the antelopes and buffaloes, are missing, and many of the flowers; still the surface of the country, and the delicate foliage of the sage-brush—a most worthless shrub—paint before you the most magnificent landscapes, looking as fresh as the wheat fields of June.

Then there is the mountain scenery, new every day, almost every hour, but always grand. New and ever-varying phases engage your attention as you proceed—now ranges covered with pines, now peaks covered with snow; deep and smiling valleys; now and then the wide expanse of mountain-side lying over against you; bold, massive rocky battlements of fiery porphyry, or cold stern granite, gray, and weather-beaten in shapes artistic or grotesque, yet ever changing in figure and color, will rivet your attention till they give place to others; and for days and weeks together, as nature does not repeat itself, your interest will continue unabated. But "the Rocky Mountain system" must form the material for another article.

It is no part of the object of this paper to disparage any other route to the Pacific. But if any one dislikes the sea, its monotony and its sickness, and wishes to visit California or any of the intermediate Territories, let him provide himself with a good supply of blankets, a basket of provisions—that is, a can of prepared coffee and another of condensed milk, and sugar to match, two jars of pickles, some crackers and dried beef, a cruse of vinegar, *no brandy*—a pocket-Bible, but not a pocket-pistol, (pistols are a burden and of no use) and commit himself to the Overland Stage Line, and he will probably reach his destination in safety, and think of his journey ever afterward with gratification.

Notices.

NOTICES OF THE MAY NUMBER.

From the New-York Evangelist.—The work deserves the most hearty and liberal patronage of the Christian public, and we are fully assured that it will repay it. It is a work that a Christian man can introduce into his household and feel that it will not only be free from error or misleading fiction, but useful and instructive. Such a publication has long been needed, and we trust that it will receive a welcome as hearty and general as the enterprise of the publisher and the taste and judgment of the editor eminently deserve. It will exert beyond question a powerful influence upon our secular as well as religious literature.

The New-York Observer.—This new religious monthly, edited by Rev. J. M. Sherwood, has appeared, and gives evidence of the highest success. It is freighted richly with choice articles by excellent authors, home and foreign, and the variety is so great, the taste in arrangement and selection so good, that we are free to commend it as worthy of being made a household companion in every family. It deserves the widest favor.

The Examiner and Chronicle, (New-York.)—HOURS AT HOME meets a very favorable reception. Its contributors are favorite writers, and its contents are varied and interesting. There is room for a good religious magazine, and this promises to meet the demand.

The Congregationalist, (Boston.)—The first number is all that its friends promised. If succeeding numbers equal the first in ability and general attractiveness, HOURS AT HOME will become deservedly popular. We heartily commend it to all who desire a magazine of high literary merit and sound religious and moral tone.

The Christian Intelligencer, (New-York.)—We can not err in affirming that this new periodical possesses qualities, and is controlled by principles, which will secure it a generous welcome by that large and influential portion of the public which desires to support a sound, wholesome, and Christian literature. As a family magazine, it has no rival.

The Lutheran and Missionary, (Philadelphia.)—This new magazine promises to be a good one. Nothing else in this country occupies the space which it aims to fill, so we may heartily bid it welcome. Our communion is worthily represented by Prof. Stoever. This first issue might naturally be a specimen number; it is certainly rich in the variety and character of its contents.

The Christian Secretary, (Hartford.)—Judging from the first number, it is destined to be one of the most deserving of all the magazines of the day.

The Christian Times, (New-York.)—We need just such a magazine as this is intended to be, and wish it every success.

The Christian Instructor, (Philadelphia.)—The first number is very good. It has a rich variety of matter from many of the first writers of the country, and makes a very promising beginning. We heartily commend it to all who desire a large and inviting monthly.

The Christian Advocate, (Philadelphia.)—If the May number is a just sample of what is yet to come, HOURS AT HOME will be entitled to a very high place in magazine literature.

The Christian Era, (Boston.)—The first number of this new monthly has been received, and we are more than pleased, we are delighted. The magazine combines entertainment and instruction, without any hidden, and therefore the most dangerous, poison. Its moral and religious character is sound and healthy; the articles brief and pointed; its writers of known and acknowledged ability; and the topics such as interest and instruct. The proportion of solid yet attractive reading is unusually large. Its stories are few and not without their lessons, which can not be

said of much of greater pretensions. The mechanical execution is unexceptionable—clear type, good paper, and appropriate margin, and an engraving by Perine. We can commend it without reserve.

The Boston Recorder.—The first number of this magazine promises well for the future. It seems admirably fitted to fill a want long felt in many a Christian home—an agreeable and profitable magazine in whose pages should be no concealed venom to poison young minds.

The Morning Star, (Dover, N. H.)—A publication of this character has long been needed to counteract the rational and infidel tendencies of much of our present popular literature; and if future numbers maintain the character of the present, it is worthy of the largest success. Its contributors represent nearly every branch of the American church, and are among the ablest writers in the land.

The Presbyterian Standard, (Philadelphia.)—The first number is a decided success. Just the thing for every family—healthful, instructive, religious, unsectarian. The editor has made his selections from such material as is not only interesting, but exceedingly profitable. The variety of the contents is well worthy of notice. The work is issued in good style, comparing well with any magazine in the country.

The Religious Herald, (Hartford.)—Judging from the articles which fill its one hundred pages, it is destined to be one of the most deserving of all the magazines of the day.

The Presbyterian Banner, (Pittsburgh.)—The first number of this new monthly amply fulfills the expectations which had been formed in advance of its appearance. The sketch entitled "Fred and Maria and Me," would do honor to the author of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

The Baptist Freeman, (Woodstock, Vt.)—We have carefully perused most of the articles in this volume, and find them superior to those in most of the religious magazines of the day. In point of literary ability, we know of no religious monthly in America equal to it. Its tone is highly elevating and its principles are strictly evangelical. All persons wishing a religious magazine, having a pure literature and good family reading, would do well to procure it.

The New-York Times.—Altogether, HOURS AT HOME gives every indication of being a great success.

The Boston Journal.—A want of the times has been a well conducted monthly which, without making religious topics its specialty, should yet so interweave religious with secular literature as to furnish a more complete range of superior matter for family reading than Christian homes have hitherto been supplied with in any one serial. The work now before us happily meets this want. The evil of prolixity has been avoided, and a great variety of subjects, embracing both prose and poetry, are attractively presented in this the first number, the table of contents including no less than twenty-nine articles. History, biography, stories, essays, combine to make it most readable and instructive. This new candidate for popular favor certainly starts with excellent promise of success.

The Boston Courier.—The first number fully justifies the belief that HOURS AT HOME will be a valuable addition to the list of monthlies, filling a place hitherto unoccupied in this country, but which has been well recognized in England, where publications of a like character have met with great success. The articles are all of them of interest, and some of them of striking merit.

The Albany Evening Journal.—We call the especial attention of the religious public to this popular monthly. A magazine of high tone, to be devoted to religious and useful literature, has long been felt to be a desideratum. Every parent who desires his family to peruse pure literature, attractive moral tales, and in-

Notices.

structive reading, should procure a copy of this valuable monthly.

The Albany Argus.—The title is well chosen, the contents interesting, the prevailing tone moral and religious.

The New-York World.—The number for May presents a very creditable appearance. The peculiar aim of the magazine will doubtless receive the indorsement of the entire religious community.

The Army and Navy Journal.—With the present (May) number, this new magazine makes its *débüt*, and presents its claim to popular favor. It fulfills strictly the claim of its title-page, and has been received, we are glad to hear, with great favor. Among its contributors are many well-known clergymen. The articles are chiefly original. The magazine is carefully edited, unexceptional in moral tone, handsomely and neatly printed, and can hardly fail of the success it certainly deserves. We understand that it already has a large sale in the army.

THE JUNE NUMBER.

From the New-York Evangelist.—The second number of *HOURS AT HOME* contains a varied and attractive list of articles; and gives evidence, both in matter and style, that the editor and publisher intend to make it not only entertaining and useful, but popular. Many of the articles are brief, but these are by no means the least valuable. Some of the poems also are of rare merit. The magazine is commending itself highly to the religious and literary taste of the country, and we are confident that all who seek to promote a sound and healthy literature will bid it God-speed, and aid to extend its circulation.

The New-York Observer.—The June number of this popular monthly is just issued. The editor has provided a rich feast for his readers this month, in papers contributed by Prof. Taylor Lewis, "Timothy Titcomb," F. B. Carpenter, Rev. E. H. Gillett, Rev. C. S. Robinson, and other able and excellent writers. An elegant engraving of "Christ Blessing Little Children" embellishes the magazine. Such a monthly is of value in every Christian home.

The Episcopal Recorder, (Philadelphia.)—We have examined this periodical with more than the care which we can usually give to such productions, in the earnest hope that we should find it to be what might be expected from its list of contributors, and what is so much needed among us, a high-toned religious monthly, the just "representative of the religious element in American literature." We are gratified to be able to say, that our hopes have been perfectly fulfilled. We unhesitatingly commend it to our readers as a journal whose articles are not only of present interest, but which, if continued in the same strain in which it has been commenced, will constitute bound volumes of permanent value.

The Congregationalist, (Boston.)—The second (June) number of *HOURS AT HOME* sustains our good opinion expressed of the first issue. The articles are able, of a popular cast, and such as will furnish a family circle with sound, instructive, and interesting reading matter. We are glad to see an evangelical magazine of this high character, and believe, as its merits become better known, its patronage will be sufficient to insure its complete success.

The Gospel Messenger, (Utica.)—This is a new candidate for popular favor, and seems to have made an admirable beginning. In these days, when popular literature has so much that is infidel or irreligious in tendency, every attempt of this kind to provide something that shall combine elegant literature and taste with reverence and sound principle, should be encouraged.

The Christian Secretary, (Hartford.)—We heartily commend this magazine to the widest possible circulation. The present number is really rich, profitable, elevating.

The New-York Times.—*HOURS AT HOME* puts forth its second number with a noteworthy bill of fare that places this new enterprise fully on a level with its

The Springfield Republican.—The opening number is quite equal to what was promised; avowedly "evangelical" in its tendencies, it is varied in contents, chaste in style, and liberal in tone. The number is not entirely original, but the selections are well chosen. When once well established, it will probably draw to itself enough of our leading writers to fill its columns to repletion. Standing as it does upon unoccupied ground, and aiming to minister to the best thought, the ripest culture, and the purest taste, it ought to be an assured success.

The Evening Post, (New-York.)—*HOURS AT HOME* is an agreeable collection of short articles, original and selected, and well calculated to while away a pleasant hour. A high religious tone pervades the entire magazine.

The Publishers' Circular.—The variety and excellence of the contents of the first number give ample assurance that Scribner & Co., with their usual energy and taste, will make the work a success.

more elderly compeers. "Abraham Lincoln," by Professor Taylor Lewis, will divide with Mr. Bancroft's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* the praise of being the most earnest and eloquent utterance evoked by late events in our history; on the same subject, the magazine before us has also, "In Memoriam: Personal Recollections of Mr. Lincoln," from the pen of F. D. Carpenter, the well-known artist, who was brought professionally into contact with the President at Washington, and relates many striking traits of the deep devotional feeling and all-pervading tenderness of heart that threw such a halo around his memory. "How to treat our Wives," that never-failing and always-recurring subject, is discussed by the most popular writer in America—whom, indeed, we scarcely need name—as all will recognize the pungent good sense and downright style of illustration that has made the name of "Timothy Titcomb" (Dr. J. G. Holland) a household word in the United States. "Bishop Berkeley in America," by D. C. Gilman, of Yale College, contains new matter of interest; and there are numerous other equally good articles that we have no space to particularize.

The Boston Journal.—Number Two of this new magazine redeems the promised excellence of the first number. The matter is fresh, varied, entertaining, and instructive, and the reader turns over its pages with feelings of pleasure and satisfaction.

The Boston Traveller.—This periodical stands among our monthlies as the representative of the religious element of American literature, and thus it has a position that was unoccupied, and which also is of the very first importance. It discards that light, frivolous, and sometimes corrupting matter to which secular literature is considerably devoted, substituting for it sound religious and moral writing, the study of which must elevate the reader's mind. It is a magazine that can be laid on the table of the religious instructor, and find an appropriate place in the library of every Sabbath-school. The best religious writers in the country are engaged to contribute to its pages. Judging from the first and second numbers, *HOURS AT HOME* will be the equal of the best secular monthlies in ability.

The Penn Yan Chronicle.—It seems to be an admirable magazine for family reading, conducted with pure literary taste and striking ability. If future numbers are as good as this, it can hardly fail to win an audience with the people, and be well sustained.

The Lowell (Mass.) Courier.—We have been especially pleased with the first two numbers of *HOURS AT HOME*, and think it must become popular with the people.

The Galena (Ill.) Gazette.—We most heartily commend *HOURS AT HOME* to the public. It will fill a space in our literature that has been overlooked, but that must be filled with something. The magazine has substantial merit, and we hope to see it generally acknowledged.



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A TRIUMPH OF ART.—Chancing to visit recently the extensive Music and Piano establishment of Messrs. Wamelink & Barr, on St. Clair street, we took occasion to examine a Grand Scale Square Piano of Bradbury's build, which Messrs. W. & B. claim as the finest piano ever brought to the West, and from what we then heard of its capabilities, we feel justified in saying that we have never before heard an instrument possessing such rich roundness, mellowness, and depth of tone. It is not our purpose to vaunt its superiority over any other particular build of pianos, but merely to note its own excellence, with a feeling of gratification that the taste of our citizens is so refined as to create a demand for such instruments. This magnificent instrument possesses not one harsh, jarring, or "wooden" note, either in its highest or lowest registers; it sinks its melodious tones to the softness of an Eolian harp, or in the wildest forte passages pours forth a flood of richest harmony, its music seeming a thing of soul, and life, and sympathy, with the heart of an impassioned performer, not a mere machine of hammers, wires, and keys for the rendering of written notes. It seemed to us as if perfection had at length been reached in the construction of the piano-forte. This instrument has since been sold to a wealthy gentleman of Oil City, but Messrs. Wamelink & Barr propose to replace it by a similar one at an early day.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

THE BRADBURY PIANO.—Prominent among all the candidates for public favor, stands the WM. B. BRADBURY Piano, an instrument in whose commendation too much can not be said. It is scarcely two years since their manufacture was commenced, and in that short time they have become world-renowned, and have, by sheer force of superior merit, taken the lead as the acknowledged favorites in many portions of the United States. To say that they are in every respect splendid instruments, is a very mild statement of their value. The new scale adopted by Mr. Bradbury is the *ne plus ultra* of equalization, giving a perfect equality of tone ranging through the whole extent of the instrument. They are peculiarly distinguished for their breadth, purity, sweetness, and bird-like quality of tone, and for their remarkable sustaining power. In elasticity of action they are unsurpassed, and testimonials from many eminent musicians accord to them all that is claimed by their maker—superiority over all others. Those who want a really first-class instrument should call on, or send to Wm. B. Bradbury.—*N. Y. Independent.*

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